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**The Wisdom of the East Series**

EDITED BY

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**TI-ME-KUN-DAN**

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WISDOM OF THE EAST

# TI-ME-KUN-DAN

PRINCE OF BUDDHIST BENEVOLENCE

A MYSTERY PLAY

TRANSLATED FROM TIBETAN TEXT BY  
MILLICENT H. MORRISON



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## EDITORIAL NOTE

THE object of the Editors of this series is a very definite one. They desire above all things that, in their humble way, these books shall be the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action. In this endeavour, and in their own sphere, they are but followers of the highest example in the land. They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another creed and colour.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.  
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NORTHBROOK SOCIETY,  
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## INTRODUCTION

THIS particular Mystery Play, *Ti-me-kun-dan*, reveals the purest heart and mind of Tibet; and, among the religious dramas of the country, takes the first place in popular esteem. Played as a rule in the open air by travelling actors and actresses, the parts are knit together by the narrative, which is spoken, intoned, or chanted. The heaviness of tragedy is relieved at points by dancing and masquerades, which also serve to enforce one or other spiritual lesson, and in particular the impermanence of all things.

The legend of a prince of surpassing benevolence is the common heritage of the Buddhist world, for the story can be traced back to a period prior even to that of our Western era. Each country, however, which takes the story adapts the play and characters, names and setting, to their own place in the religious world. In *Vessantara*, for instance, the Indian version of the primitive legend, the secret of prosperity is not a gem, but a white elephant; and the chief characters, in contrast to those of the Tibetan story, enjoy the wealth and luxury which are

the corollary of a fertile, rich, and populous country.

Less marked in casual reading is the difference between the women, yet the difference is great. In the austerer life of the *Ti-me-kun-dan* play they are depicted in a manner which surely reflects the higher qualities of the women of Tibet. For in that country women have a status in everyday life, unavowed though it may be, which is little below that of men—at any rate, little below that of the men who are unabsorbed by the monasteries. It will also be noted that in the speaking of one woman in the play, *Gel-dan-zan-me*, mother of the prince, there is a mental quality which is not overlooked by the gods; for Indra in his prophecy announced that she would be born again a woman who would hold, or captivate, mankind.

*Om mani padme hum*, the prayer spell which is repeated to infinity by an infinity of prayer mills throughout Tibet, is the dedicatory homage of the play to *Chan-re-si*, the Bodhisattva who summarises Tibet much as St. Patrick, for instance, may be held to summarise Ireland.

Adoration of *Chan-re-si*, together with the succeeding description and interpretation of an auspicious dream, are a revelation of the Tantrism which is the outstanding feature of the Buddhism or Lamaism of Tibet. It is evident also in other passages; in the appeals made, for instance, to

all beings of heaven, earth, air, and water ; that is to say, to the vast imaginative creation which is more populous in Tibet than in any other land.

This characteristic of the play, which is also the characteristic of Tibet, has its perspective in the physical features and history of the country, and these it may not be out of place briefly to indicate.

"An atmosphere of mystery and sorcery," says Sir Charles Eliot, "has long hung about the mountainous regions which lie to the north of India. Hindus and Chinese alike saw in them the home of spirits and wizards, and the grand but uncanny scenery of these high plateaux has influenced the art and ideas of the natives. . . . The strange shapes assumed by mists and clouds, often dyed many colours by the rising and setting sun, suggest to the least imaginative mind an aerial world peopled by monstrous and magical figures. At other times when there is no fog, distant objects seem in the still, clear atmosphere to be very near, until the discovery that they are really far away produces a strange feeling that they are unreal and unattainable."

Such is the background in nature to the huge pantheon of Tibet : a pantheon which may be analysed as half inherent to the soil, with the priests of the native Bon faith as special intermediaries, and half Buddhist as modified by Indian deities. These are the special concern of

the lama hierarchy, which at the same time, however, through one or other sect holds itself at the service as priest, servant, and master of the whole spirit world of the country.

The weird landscape described above may account for some of the phantom experiences of Ti-me-kun-dan and his wife on their long journey to the mountain of demons; with, however, the complementary and less romantic interpretation that these two lonely wanderers had been delayed on the journey by sickness and delirium consequent upon emotion, fear, exposure, and starvation.

The historic background requires a longer telling.

Though Sakya Muni about 500 B.C. lived and preached in north-east India almost within sight of the snow-topped Himalayas, and though King Asoka about 250 years later had brought much of India under the sway of Buddhism, yet there was no comprehensive introduction of the faith into Tibet till the time of Padma Sambhava, A.D. 747.

Knowing the missionary spirit of Buddhism, the skirting of the country by Buddhist pilgrims travelling between China and India, and the general persistence of human nature, it is felt that there must have been scattered and partial introductions of the faith before the eighth century; but of these only one is known to

history. King Sron-tsan-gam-po, about one hundred years before Padma Sambhava, married two Buddhist wives, one Nepalese and one Chinese, and thus favoured Buddhism, choosing for his capital the place of gods, Lha-sa.

Padma Sambhava was familiar with Bengal, then a stronghold of Tantrism, for it had gripped Brahmanism, and had already mingled with his own faith, that of the Mahayana School of Buddhism. Though Tantrism is for the most part ignored or rejected by Buddhists beyond the borders of Tibet, and though it is regarded by non-Buddhists as decadent, it could only have appeared to Padma as a fine efflorescence of the faith.

This Tantric Buddhism he introduced to Tibet. His success was clearly due to the way in which he sensed the supernatural in and behind all things; and to the downright, comprehensive way in which he wielded his knowledge of magic rite and spirit weapon.

Thus it was that Padma Sambhava subjugated, conciliated, and utilised the host of spirits which the Tibetans knew from the indigenous Bon faith, Shamanism, or nature worship, half reveal and half conceal themselves in the life which breathes and moves upon, under, and above the earth, which lurk beneath rocks, hide within trees, peep from rivers, whisper in forest, and shriek in the wind. The Tibetans knew this, and

Padma in all probability was aware that such knowledge, to say nothing of its value to poetry, would serve the missionary wishing to promote a religion higher than anything of which the natives in general were till then aware.

Instead of denying he subdued. Thanks, then, to his effort, the phantoms of the land became neutral, or, when fitly invoked, proved themselves allies and friends.

In the three hundred-odd volumes of the Tibetan religious canon, the *Kan-gyur* and *Tan-gyur* referred to at the end of the play—that is to say, the Buddhist scriptures and the exegesis thereof—about one-tenth are devoted to the Tantra called in Tibetan, rGyud, a word which is applied to the necromantic books of mysticism, and to the mystic.

Tantrism, then, it may be said, rises to sublime mysticism in the minds of cultivated lamas or upper clergy; though it descends to necromancy and polytheism in the minds of most others.

Not merely does it include mantras and mandalas, charms and magic, but it doubles, trebles, and quadruples the number of Buddhas, or rather Bodhisattvas, by representing them in various moods.

The most common of these is the monstrous, or fiendish, under the assumption that the Bodhisattva can thus combat on equal terms the demons infesting the country.

Almost equally common is the mood erotic which represents the Bodhisattva with a sakti or consort. As the Bodhisattva is held to be the spiritual activity of the Buddha—who has passed to bliss beyond the good and evil of the world—so the sakti is held to be the vital force, or, flippantly, the better half of the Bodhisattva.

In the *Om mani padme hum*, for instance, the syllables Mani-padme represent in all probability the name of the sakti of Chan-re-si; whilst the spell as a whole is thought to hold within it further mystic meaning.

Its utterance is an amplified adoration of Od-pag-med (pronounced O-pa-me), otherwise Amitabha, or Measureless Light, the most adored of the five Contemplative Buddhas. Simultaneously is awakened his spiritual activity which becomes operative through his Bodhisattva, Chan-re-si; whose vital force meanwhile is manifested through his sakti, Mani-padme.

Among the blessings the spell is expected to bring is that of entrance into Amitabha's paradise of the West; for salvation by faith is as firmly held by sects of Buddhism as of "Christianism": and held notwithstanding the implication of primitive Buddhism, that all is governed by law the inexorable working of which cannot be set aside by the spontaneous operation of mercy.

Chan-re-si, like all Bodhisattvas, forgoes or postpones Buddhahood, or Nirvana, in order to



aid human beings in the "slough of existence"; but his particular function is to help the inhabitants of Tibet—to be, in short, its guardian Bodhisattva, or, as we say, its patron saint. In proof and emphasis of this he is incarnate in the successive lives of the Dalai Lama. Homage to Chan-re-si, therefore, is bound up with religious patriotism. The position would find its parallel if we could restore to our sovereign the divine right of kings, and hold that within him is incarnate our patron saint, St. George. And is he not?

By this multiplication of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and Incarnations with the further elaboration of folk-lore, there has been developed under the influence of Tantrism a huge, complex hierarchy. For the due comprehension of this as to rank and status, emblem and attribute, the issue of a kind of Blue-book, or Court Guide of Divinity and Demon, may well occupy the attention of a monastic publishing house.

Roughly the host falls into the following order, somewhat modified from that shown by Waddell:

- (1) Buddhas, many score;
- (2) Bodhisattvas, including certain females called Tara, and certain lamas deemed worthy of sainthood;
- (3) tutelary gods and demons;
- (4) wizards and witches;
- (5) genii and godlings;
- (6) guardian spirits or angels of country, locality, domestic hearth, and individual;
- (7) vampires, air-sprites, corpse spectres, etc.

As shown again and again in the play, all these must be remembered and propitiated when help is needed in time of trouble or difficulty.

It may be of further interest that Chan-re-si, in looking every way with the helping hand of intelligence, as shown by the symbolism of eleven heads, four arms, and thousand eyes—rendered aid in the conversion of Mongolia.

When the Mongols ruled at Peking from about the middle of the thirteenth century, Kubilai Khan had friendly relation with the lamas of Tibet, which led to the "conversion" of the Mongols—an official conversion which faded with the power of the ruling house.

A century or so later rose Tsong-kha-pa, 1356-1417, the last great Tibetan reformer. He it was who founded the Ge-lug-pa, Virtuous or Yellow sect, which came to be regarded as the Established Church of the land. Also he gave the chief ecclesiastic jurisdiction of Tibet to the Grand Lama of Lha-sa, decreeing that in him was incarnate Chan-re-si. Tsong-ka-pa's nephew was the first of this ecclesiastic lineage.

The third of the line, So-nam, 1543-1586, yielded to the invitation of an important Khan to visit Mongolia. His journey there was symbolic, for he appeared as Chan-re-si of the four arms, and his horse left in its wake the magic syllables—Om mani padme hum. More important to history was the mass meeting held on the shore

of the Kokonor to celebrate a general conversion ; for then was bestowed on the Grand Lama, otherwise Chan-re-si incarnate, the Mongolian title Da-lai—in Tibetan rGya mT'so, meaning sea or ocean, in admission of his profundity.

Better known to history is the fifth Grand, or, as he should now be called, Dalai Lama, 1616-1680, who established the temporal as well as the ecclesiastical power of himself and his successors, and who also built the palace of the Po-ta-la at Lha-sa.

So it came that whereas primitive Buddhism was without organisation more elaborate than that of the monastery, an institution cut off from the distraction of State, government, or public life, Tibetan Buddhism has become Lamaism, and claims to cover every necessity of State as well as Church. The two are interwoven. Looking from beyond the frontier it is difficult to see State for Church : the Church is the State ; the State is the Church. But there is one obvious weakness—dependence upon another country, a vassalage sometimes observed, and sometimes ignored. Under the Mongol dynasty and early Mings it was a source of pride ; under the later Manchus a source of irritation. Then the rulers were disposed to lean toward Russia when the prestige of that country was at its height. To-day it is another country. Which is scarcely satisfactory from the standpoint of lamas who wish,

in their own metaphorical language, to preserve the begging-bowl unbroken.

Considering the hold of the lama and of the monastery, it is curious that the former is only mentioned once in the play, and that the latter, the essential organisation of Buddhism, and which in Tibet and Mongolia covers the land, is not mentioned at all.

But reference is made to the hermit sage, a laconic specimen of his kind. Possibly the writer of *Ti-me-kun-dan* may have been some such devotee and poet as *Mi-la-ras-pa*, 1038-1122, who wandered in poverty over the country, loved nature, and preached his message in verse; that is to say, one who favoured not the comparatively easy life of the monastery, but who deemed the austerer life of the lonely ascetic to be more fitting the religious, and who, therefore, knew much the same life as *Ti-me-kun-dan* in his wanderings.

As these religious dramas are represented by strolling players, it is not improbable that more or less topical allusions are added from time to time, and are worked up into different versions, an assumption which seems to be favoured by some evidence of inequality in the writing. At any rate, because the word *Po-ta* in the prophecy seems to refer to the hill at *Lha-sa* which came into prominence with the building thereon of his palace by the 5th Dalai Lama, this is not

sufficient proof that the play as a whole was written subsequently.

Tibetans, however, are less curious, and, therefore, less exact than Europeans as to details of authorship, chronology, topography, etc. But it is said that Bhe-té, the kingdom of which Ti-me-kun-dan was prince, and later king, was in the tangle of great mountains west or south-west of Tibet. From thence on foot it was a journey of months to Ha-shang, the mountain in Tibet whose evil reputation was worse than its reality. The river they were enabled to cross by the miraculous heaping up of the waters to reveal a ford was probably the Tsang-po, known along the Assam part of its course as the Brahma-putra.

The restoration to Ti-me-kun-dan of his sight belongs to another order of the miraculous. The ejection by himself of his own eyes is described with vivid realism. But, East as well as West, it is impossible to hold a general audience in long tension: to the craving for compensation and justice in this life there must be some concession. In the acting, then, the prince has the organ of sight restored. But the text simply says that in answer to prayer he is blessed with the two eyes of perfect, heavenly wisdom more clear than before.

Though the Ti-me-kun-dan drama is a vale of tears, it is not without touches of more or less

unconscious humour. Considering that love of bathing has not yet become a characteristic of people in mountain lands, it is quaint that the son should say—with scarce concealed sarcasm regarding the immaculate father—that he, his brother and sister had not embraced their mother because they had been polluted by dirt in serving Brahmans. Doubtless they had learnt the value of, at least, ceremonial cleanliness in serving those same despised Brahmans. These, it will be noted, are depicted as greedy villains, much as are the Jews in Western literature, and probably from much the same cause—religious rivalry.

Knowing that the Tantrism of Tibet is far removed from primitive Buddhism, one would be led to expect the elements of degradation in its literature. But *Ti-me-kun-dan* is one proof to the contrary. East and West there are other codes of virtue, and there have come to be other relationship between father and children, husband and wife. But in essence the teaching of the play is not far from that which taught “If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,” and “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.” In short, the religious fervour and spirituality of the play are beyond all dispute.

To Sir E. Denison Ross, C.I.E., Ph.D., the writer is much indebted—an indebtedness which

is hereby acknowledged with grateful thanks—for help and encouragement in studying the language and literature of Tibet.

It was Dr. E. Denison Ross, as he then was, who prepared for publication by the Asiatic Society of Bengal the Tibetan text of the Ti-me-kun-dan play. Later he gave an unpublished *résumé* of it to Monsieur Jacques Bacot for the purpose of the French translation which appeared in Volume III of *Les Classiques de l'Orient*. Of this work the present writer can say, as Monsieur Bacot said of the *résumé*—"Elle m'a été précieuse pour éclaircir plus d'un point douteux ou pour en confirmer l'interprétation." Otherwise, the present English translation has been made by the writer direct word by word and line by line from the Tibetan original text, and varies much from the French.

It is also necessary to acknowledge indebtedness to the following works, each in its way monumental :

1. *Tibetan English Dictionary*, by H. A. Jäschke.
2. *The Buddhism of Tibet*, by L. Austine Waddell.
3. *Hinduism and Buddhism*, by Sir Charles Eliot.

# TI-ME-KUN-DAN

## PRINCE OF BUDDHIST BENEVOLENCE

*A Mystery Play translated from Tibetan  
Text*

OM mani padme hum !<sup>1</sup>  
Homage to the sublime Chan-re-si !  
Immeasurable *kalpa* ago,  
In the capital city of the Bhe-té country,  
King Sa-kyong Tra-pel—Earth guardian of glorious renown,  
Had three thousand ministers with power over  
sixty feudatory princes,  
Dazzling jewels he possessed, jewels in amazing  
variety.  
Than these, moreover, he owned a gem yet more  
wonderful,

<sup>1</sup> An address or mystic prayer to the Bodhisattva, Chan-re-si or Snyan-ras-gzigs, otherwise Avalokitesvara, the spiritual son of the Buddha Od-dpag-med, otherwise Amitabha, Measureless Light.



The so-called Go-do-pung-chum.<sup>1</sup>  
 Possessed of power, he had five hundred queens  
 of rank and lineage,  
 Five hundred queens endowed with wealth of  
 this world,  
 And very beautiful.  
 Though these queens had fifteen hundred courts,  
 There was not even one son.  
 In distress because of this the King was advised  
 by court astrologers—  
 "To do honour to the Most Precious,<sup>2</sup>  
 Bestrew oblations to the eight classes of spirit-  
 demons,  
 Administer alms to the very poor.  
 Then will appear a Bodhisattva<sup>3</sup> transformed into  
 a son."  
 Becoming happy once again, the King  
 Did honour to the Most Precious,  
 Bestrewed oblations to the eight classes of spirit-  
 demons,

<sup>1</sup> In Tibetan orthography *dGos 'dod dpung 'joms*, which means literally—wants wishes army subdues, or accomplishes. This is the same, or counterpart, of the cintamani, or wish-procuring gem.

<sup>2</sup> The Most Precious, *dkon-mchog*,—*Kun-chho*, is a triad, viz. Buddha, the Doctrine, the Church. In current use the expression has in some degree the signification of our word God, and is thus translated by missionaries.

<sup>3</sup> The Bodhisattva represents perfect spiritual activity as well as enlightenment. He may be regarded as a Buddha designate who tarries in this world, thereby postponing for himself the peace of Nirvana, in order to promote the welfare and salvation of men.

Distributed alms among the very poor.  
Soon after this, Queen Gel-dan-zan-mo, who was  
in harmony with all,  
Possessing the excellence, and renouncing the  
eight defects of woman,  
Knew from an auspicious dream that a son would  
be born.  
Going into the presence of the King, she prayed :  
O great king, ruler of men, hearken to me.  
In the sleep of night there has come an auspicious  
dream.  
From fibres, three hundred and sixty, of my  
body  
Came into being the wheel of good fortune above  
my head  
With a gleaming *dorje*<sup>1</sup> of gold,  
The point of which has touched the zenith of  
heaven,  
Radiating light in all the ten directions.  
The splendour of rainbow encircled as tent, house,  
cave.  
Into the empyrean void were blown three white  
shell-trumpets.  
From the holy, imponderable shrine of my  
body,  
Will appear a son possessed of wisdom and  
lineage.

<sup>1</sup> This word *rdorje* means both diamond and thunderbolt—the ritual sceptre of priests. It forms the first two syllables of the place-name known to the British as Darjeeling.

The propitious date by star and planet  
Betokens a son endowed with blessing.  
Fulfil, then, the rites and offerings in all directions.

Thus she petitioned.

And the king, greatly rejoicing, replied thus :

O Gel-dan-zan-mo, attuned to my very soul,  
Companion inseparable one moment from  
myself ;

As thy body is the shrine of a god,  
Then the wheel of good fortune at thy head,  
And the genesis of gleaming *dorje* of gold,  
Are sign of the coming of a guardian lord  
of all.

The rainbow encircling as tent, house, cave,  
Betoken the coming of an incarnate Buddha.  
The blowing in space of three white trumpets,  
Tells that his fame will be proclaimed in the ten  
directions.

Upward, the virtue of honouring the Most  
Precious,

Earthward, the distribution of oblations and  
alms,

Will be bond of coming heir to king without son,  
Bond that my wish will come through thee.

As thou prayest, the rites will be performed  
By lamas with three-fold splendour of learning,  
loyalty, and goodness.

And five hundred pundits will read the heart of  
the sutras,<sup>1</sup>  
Binding by religious gesture all space without  
interstices.  
They will expel evil by incantation and magic  
dagger,  
Pronouncing the *ri-ri* <sup>2</sup> of *hum* ! and *p'at* !  
They will combat hostile foes with tools of  
downright magic,  
And crush to naught the spirit foes who outrage  
faith,  
Flinging magic cross and oblation weapons,  
To bring thereby both joy and blessing.

After the King had thus spoken the rites were  
performed.

Some nine or ten months later,  
The Prince was born.  
The Prince at birth cried naught but this :  
Om mani padme hum !  
And thus flowed his tears.  
His love toward all creatures was like the love  
between an only son and his mother.  
The Ministers of the King, being greatly delighted,

<sup>1</sup> The sutras are the sacred writings or scriptures.

<sup>2</sup> The *ri-ri* represents the sound made in murmuring quickly and repeatedly one or other spell, such as "Om mani padme hum !" or "Om vajra pani hum p'at !" Both *hum* ! and *p'at* ! are deemed to be strong ejaculations for the suppression of evil spirits.

Named the Prince—Ti-me-kun-dan (Immaculate)  
And presented unimaginable offerings of  
oblation.

The Prince dwelt at the Ga-wai-sam-ling Palace  
(sojourn of happy thought), in a wing like to  
precious stones.

At five he was skilful in writing, in calculating,  
And in the five classes of science<sup>1</sup> :

Also he had in mind all the sastras.<sup>2</sup>

The Prince said : All creatures are one's father  
and mother.

Then he spake these words :

Alas ! the deep ocean of the *kor-wa*.<sup>3</sup>

The yearning pain within it is like to mine.

That sentient beings lust for illusory wealth—

Ah the pity of it !

Alas ! All the pains of the *kor-wa*.

Woe ! Woe ! What use is thereby served ?

A city burning as fire heap with earthly  
desires,

<sup>1</sup> The five classes of science are :

1. Words or language.
2. Logic or philosophy.
3. Doctrine of mystics or theology.
4. Medicine or healing.
5. Mechanical arts.

<sup>2</sup> The Sastra is a religious commentary or philosophic work.

<sup>3</sup> *Kor*, the root of this word, with its derivatives, means circle, circumference, retinue, disk, wheel, to turn round, etc. *Kor-wa*, as substantive, means the orb, or round of transmigration. To escape from the *kor-wa* is equivalent to Nirvana.

Unfreed from grip of the ego: Ah the pity  
of it!

Burning in the fire of endless *kor-wa*—

The *kor-wa* of sentient of the three *Dhatu*<sup>1</sup>—

Where'er they look there is no salvation. Ah the  
pity of it!

Workers of the world who toil ceaselessly,

Whose pain is without termination. Ah the pity  
of it!

In the delusive mind unrest of man and  
wife,

There is hope of lasting attachment. Ah the  
pity of it!

As pursuit of solitude in the fatherland,

So is egotism and self-love. Ah the pity  
of it!

The making of discord in the harmony of  
beings,

'Twixt parents, self, and another. Ah the pity  
of it!

The heaping in avarice of wealth like honey,

A hoard which others will spend. Ah the pity  
of it!

Beings who bear the great burden of sin,

Who fall down the abyss of damnation. Ah the  
pity of it!

<sup>1</sup> *Dhatu* is here spelt with a capital to distinguish it from the eighteen *dhatu* of sense and mind analysis. The three *Dhatu* are: (1) The region of desire. (2) The region of form. (3) The region of formlessness. The third is the highest; but it falls short of Nirvana.

The teaching of truth not comprehended,  
Perverting the ignorance of human beings. Ah  
the pity of it !

Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime <sup>1</sup> Wish-fulfilment ! I—  
In the midst of head-turned human beings—  
The closely hoarded treasure of one's father,  
A hoarding without profit or quintessence,  
Is it not right that I dispense in alms ?

Thus he spake.  
The father said :

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfil-  
ment !  
My first unborn, my pain was inconceivable,  
Now, behold, my treasure stored  
May be dispensed to give thee happiness.

Thus he spake.  
Thereupon the Prince gave alms without  
measure,  
Till all were freed from pain of poverty.

At that time an evil-minded Minister, Ta-ra-dze,  
Came into the presence of the King, and spake  
thus :

O great King, ruler of men, hear my words !

<sup>1</sup> The word here translated "Sublime" is often used as epithet, or part of the name of deities. The expression translated "Wish-fulfilment" is one of the many names of Buddha; and is also applied to a certain spell.

All the wealth that thou hast garnered,  
Ti-me-kun-dan, lacking thought, is scattering.  
Without wealth, a king becomes the subject of  
another.  
It is expedient, then, that Prince Ti-me-kun-  
dan  
Should espouse Princess, and secure treasure.

Thus he entreated.  
Then King and Ministers took counsel together,  
And chose Men-de-zan-mo, daughter of Da-wa-  
zan-po,  
King in the Lotus country.  
Pleasing to all she was brought for consort of the  
Prince.  
The maiden, honouring him as lord, bowed low  
her head,  
And rejoicingly from the precincts she praised  
him thus :

Because of purity thou art victor incompar-  
able,  
Dowered with excellence beyond the range of  
thought.  
With honour and wealth thy well-being is  
infinite.  
Thou fulfillest all desire like the wish-granting  
gem.



Beholding thee, O King that teacheth religion,<sup>1</sup>  
Zan-mo is happy, and her soul greatly  
rejoiceth.

Thus her homage.

The Prince, approving Zan-mo, answered thus :

O thou from birth natural, beautiful,  
With joyous gesture of dance, and tunefulness of  
melody,

Beholding thee, exquisite goddess,

I too rejoice, and my soul delighteth.

By the power of prayer we two are come  
together,

Thrice happy in glory and well-being.

Thus he spake.

Then the Prince and Princess retired within the  
palace.

And there they dwelt in the practice and enjoy-  
ment of holy religion.

Three children, two sons and a daughter, were  
duly born.

The eldest was called Le-dan—Good.

The second was called Le-pal—Good, noble.

The little girl was named Le-dze—Good, beau-  
tiful.

And great festivities marked the birth of each  
child.

<sup>1</sup> Literally, O King that turneth the wheel or prayer mill  
of doctrine.

One day, whilst King and Council viewed the  
flower garden,  
Many people gathered round the gates of the  
palace,  
And, with eye and tongue like sheep in a slaughter-  
house, they looked at the King.  
The Prince, thereby, was moved to deep com-  
passion,  
And with tears flowing he sighed deeply.  
Oppressed by great sadness he re-entered the  
palace,  
Murmuring : Om mani padme hum !  
Without taking food he then fell asleep.

Later the King came to his son and said :

My good Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfil-  
ment,  
In the noble palace of Ga-wa-sam-ling  
Thou canst enjoy happiness, wealth, the fullness  
of desire.  
Yet thou rejoicest not in happiness.  
What, then, causeth thy distress ?  
Speak openly, keeping naught a secret.

Thus he spake.  
So the son entreated :

Hearken, O Sire beloved, god-power possessing !

Alas ! All the pains of the *kor-wa* !—  
 Beholding and pondering the weariness of man-  
 kind,  
 Human beings blindly pursued by their deeds,  
 With others of the six classes of beings,<sup>1</sup>  
 Risking the fall to re-birth, age, sickness,  
 death,  
 I reflect, If these were free from fall, I would be  
 free from affliction.

Thus he spake.  
 And the father said :

O stainless son, listen to me !  
 Since the pain of beings is the issue of their own  
 deeds,  
 What use is served by thine affliction ?  
 Enjoy then, *Ti-me-kun-dan*, thy great felicity.  
 If thou heed not my word thy sin is great.

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Lha* : gods or spirits.

(2) *Lha ma yin* : lit. not gods. The titans or asuras of the slopes of Mount Sumeru who fight against gods.

(3) *Mi* : Man.

(4) *Dud hgro*, or *du-do* : creatures of the animal world. Lit. beings who stoop in distinction from man who stands.

(5) *Yi-dwags* : "tantalised ghosts" of the outskirts of hell. They suffer an eternity of ungratified hunger and thirst ; and are depicted with huge bellies but thread-like throats.

(6) *dMyal-ba-pa*, *Nyal-wa-pa* : creatures of hell, of which there are eighteen regions. These include eight cold and eight hot hells, than which the so-called Christian doctrine of eternal punishment had nothing more terrible.

Thus he spake,

And the son again entreated :

O Sire beloved, ruler of men, hearken unto  
me.

At the palace gates I have seen the pains of  
men,

Of people destitute, without possession.

If wealth amassed by my father

I may give in alms, I would be free from misery.<sup>1</sup>

Thus he pleaded,

Then the father said :

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfilment !

I have no other thought than this—

That thou, my son, be happy, renouncing  
wretchedness.

Thus having spoken,

He gave to his son the keys of the treasury, and  
said :

Use my wealth to thine own happiness.

So the Prince piled on one side the wealth of the  
treasury.

Then, issuing word to mankind of the rain-  
descent of alms—

<sup>1</sup> This implies a state of beatitude almost equivalent to  
Nirvana.

Om mani padme hum—for thus he invited  
them—

He delivered all from pains of poverty.

At that time in the sandy border country,  
The King—Mighty Tree Throne, who had back-  
slided,

Brought together his attendants, and said :

O Retinue of mine, listen to me.

In the great city of the Bhe-té country,

Prince Ti-me-kun-dan, thus called,

Has vowed to give his wealth in alms,

To give, without partiality.

This is said by all ; mine own ear hath heard.

Say, then, who will dare go to solicit

The gem—Go-do-pung chum ?

To him will I give the half of my kingdom.

Thus he spake.

Thereupon some of the retinue said :

He would not give the gem, and one's life would  
be in peril.

Others added : One may never reach a country  
so distant !

No man, therefore, came forward to offer.

Then rose an aged Brahman whose mouth was  
without tooth pearl, and said :

O great King, I beg to go.  
Procure travel requisites, clothes, shoes.

So the King provided these things and sent him forth.

The Brahman, after crossing many passes and valleys, reached the Bhe-té country.

Without the gate of the palace, with chin on hand, he sat and wept.

A Minister coming forth inquired whence he came and what he wished ?

The Brahman said : I come from the desert.  
I beg that King Ti-me-kun-dan will give me food.

The Minister presented his request to the Prince,

Who joyfully went to the gate of the palace,  
And said to the Brahman :

Ah ! Friend ! thou hast come a long way.  
By crossing quickly many passes and valleys,  
Art thou not both worn and weary ?  
Speak what thou wishest. Quick ! Courage !  
Well !

Thy wish by me is now accomplished.

Thus he spake.

Weeping, the Brahman put his palms together in prayer and said :

Only eye of beings innumerable !  
 My country—it is the Sandy Desert.  
 My King, Mighty Tree Throne,  
 By disease, after three years, has died.  
 Because of this both subjects and servants are  
     perishing.

My name is Lo-tro—Understanding.  
 The father of a hungry household, I am  
 Besieged by children's children like famished  
     *yi-dwags*.<sup>1</sup>

In day-time, lacking food, they are an  
     hungered.

At night, without clothes, they naked assemble.  
 As thou art kind to all without distinction,  
 Giving gifts to all without partiality,  
 Then to us poor Brahmans, O Ti-me-kun-dan,  
     King of Bhe-té,

To us, I beg, grant the alms that heart doth  
     crave,

And till death will I pray the prayer of six  
     syllables.<sup>2</sup>

Thus he implored.

Thereupon the Prince led the Brahman into the  
     treasury,

And gave him jewels in amazing and inconceiv-  
     able variety.

<sup>1</sup> See note on page 32.

<sup>2</sup> Prayer of six syllables: i.e. the "Om mani padme  
 hum !"

But the Brahman said :

O great Prince, hearken unto me.

My coming here is not for the sake of these  
gems,

But for the Go-do-pung-chum.

O Ti-me-kun-dan, King religious,

Grant me, I pray, the Go-do-pung-chum.

Thus he begged.

The Prince, answering, said :

Hear me, holy Brahman, Lo-tro.

The precious jewel Go-do-pung-chum

My father has not given to me.

Moreover, my father has said, We must not  
part with it.

If it is relinquished it will result in a quarrel.

Accept, then, of jewels in my possession,

But renounce both hope and fear regarding  
Pung-chum.

Thus he spake.

And the Brahman said :

Thou, O King, give ear unto me.

Having much heard of thy fame in almsgiving,

I have travelled far, enduring great hardship.

Incredible is hope and fear like this.

If thou canst not bring thyself to grant the  
jewel,



Then 'tis false thou givest others what they wish.

Alas, alas, if such be thy vow !

Now, returning to mine own country,

These jewels are not necessary. Take them yourself.

Speaking thus angrily he turned and went away.

The Prince, following the footsteps of the Brahman, cried :

O-ho ! Brahman, pursue not your intention to return.

In kindness of heart, listen to me.

This is the story of Go-do-pung-chum :

A white nymph from within the ocean

Presented it to Sang-gye O-pa-mé<sup>1</sup>

And O-pa-mé bestowed it on my father.

But the King, ruler of men, has not given it to me.

The realms of the King are firm and wide-spread,

By virtue of Go-do-pung-chum.

That subjects and servants increase in number,

We owe it to Go-do-pung-chum.

Da-wa-zan-po, and three thousand ministers,

Also are evolved from Go-do-pung-chum.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to Buddha Amitabha, or Od-dpag-med ; i.e. Measureless Light.

Our fullness of joy, glory, and wealth  
 Comes from Go-do-pung-chum.  
 This precious flask gives form to all desire,  
 Its power secures the sovereignty of men,  
 Conquering the warlike host of alien enemy.  
 On this earth 'tis the gem most precious,  
 The wealth distinctive of three thousand  
 worlds.  
 Nevertheless, the giving of alms is the way of  
 religion.  
 Though, then, thereby my life be forfeited,  
 To thee, O Brahman Lo-tro, will I give the  
 gem.

Having thus spoken,  
 He placed the gem within cornelian casket,  
 And, with an elephant, gave the Brahman as  
 gift.

Then he spake these words :

Rise now, O great and worthy Brahman,  
 Rise, mount this elephant with youthful strength  
 and skill,  
 And swiftly bear the Pung-chum, the mine of  
 every wish.  
 If my father learns his loss he will follow in  
 pursuit,  
 To take from thee both elephant and gem.  
 Nor will that suffice. He will also take thy  
 life.

Renounce, then, leisure. Strive in haste to get  
away ;  
And so accomplish thy great good and mine.

Thus he spake.

Then the Brahman praised the Prince :

O royal son ! O Prince of Buddha ! hold this  
in heart.

Of beings in the three *Dhatu* thou art the sole  
defence,

The Buddha incarnate of past, present, future—  
In three worlds the way of deliverance, the perfect  
guide ;

Thou art the doctrine of Buddha that maketh  
day ;

The ferry that crosseth the flood of the *kor-wa*.

Thou art as an army that subdueth

The *kor-wa* of the six classes of beings.

Thee, O King, brave and skilful, thee I salute.

Thus having praised,

The Brahman departed, bearing the gem on the  
elephant.

Then the Prince prayed this prayer :

O Sons of Buddha of the ten compass points,  
Hearken unto me !

That I may accomplish the wish of all beings,  
And the Mahayana doctrine of almsgiving,

Grant that the Pung-chum be not robbed by  
another,  
But safely reach the sandy border land.

Thus having prayed, he went back to the royal  
palace.

When about one month had passed away,  
And the absence of the jewel was observed,  
Great was the distress of ministers, retinue,  
people.

Then the evil Minister, Ta-ra-dze,  
Entered the presence of the King, and said :

O King, ruler of men, listen to me.  
The lordly jewel Go-do-pung-chum,  
Thy son, without sense, has given an enemy.  
If thou believest not, search the Treasury.  
The Pung-chum gone, what wilt thou do with thy  
son ?

Wilt thou not subject him to righteous law ?

Thus he spake.

Then the King spake these words :

Thy report, Minister Ta-ra-dze, is it true ?  
Of talk one hears half is true, half is false,  
Examine, then, this happening with minutest  
care.

How can one think the Pung-chum given an  
enemy !

Thus he spake.

Again Ta-ra-dze continued :

The precious jewel Go-do-pung-chum

Has been given an enemy,—mine own eyes have  
seen,—

Given a Border Brahman since then departed.

If thou believest not the truth of my word,

Then giving by son and heir must go un-  
checked.

It matters not to me. Do as thou pleasest.

Speaking thus in anger, he went away.

Then was the mind of the King deeply dis-  
quieted.

As if he had drunk a poison virulent

He staggered dazed ; his face was livid.

As soon as day dawned within his chamber,

He rose and went to the place of his son.

The son looked down with lowered head

As the father spake thus :

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfilment !

With utmost candour speak straightly the facts.

Begotten from the flesh of a great ruler,

The light arising upon many million cities,

Thou hast not given to an enemy

The precious fount whence flowed the fortune of  
our race ?

Ti-me-kun-dan, thou must answer plainly.

Thus he spake.

The son prostrated himself with hands joined in prayer,

Yet unable to utter a word.

Again the father spake :

To me submit ninety-two thousand places of population,

Sixty princes, and three thousand ministers.

I own five hundred exceedingly precious jewels,

Numerous stores of gold and silver,

And many distinctive kinds of wealth : Yet—

Is it true thou hast given the Pung-chum to an enemy ?

Thus he spake.

The son said to himself :

As one is unable to produce the jewel, secrecy is impossible.

It is necessary, therefore, to explain frankly.

Having thus thought, he said :

O great King, ruler of men, hearken to me.

To a man who had performed the penance of a long journey,

A man exceedingly poor, without food,

A man afflicted in body by hunger and thirst,

To a Brahman of the border-land, it is true I  
gave the gem.  
I beg my father will not reprimand.

Thus he spake.  
The father King, becoming unconscious, fell ;  
And all the queens were oppressed by great  
grief.

Recovering a little later, the King spake thus :

In the North, in Shi-bhi-na-dan,  
The royal ruler, Five-Voice Harmony,  
Has not a gem of such-like power.  
Southward, in the land of precious stones,  
Of whose kind the fame is limitless,  
There's no gem of such-like potency.  
In the central, coral land of In-dra-ko-sha,  
No such gem has In-dra-bho-ngi.  
My magic flask, great mine of fortune,  
The dread of foe abroad, the friend of peace at  
home,  
The treasure choice without a price,  
Thou, wicked foe, hast made to vanish.  
Thus scattered to the wind my realm is gone.

Thus he spake.  
Then the son replied :  
O Father, ruler of men, hearken to me.  
My greatest joy is giving alms.  
I vowed—to give to others what they wished,

To give—should any ask such sacrifice—  
 To give—my sons, my daughter, my own life.  
 Would that my sire were less attached to  
 wealth.

Thus he spake.  
 The father said :

Heretofore, while we owned the jewel,  
 My kingdom knew abiding happiness.  
 Now that the Pung-chum is not ours,  
 To enemies my realm must pass.  
 Why thus ? My foe of former life,  
 Why, not asking father, nor consulting mother,  
 Why this gem distinctive gav'st thou an  
 enemy ?

Thus he spake.  
 Again the son said :

O Sire, god-like in power, hearken to me.  
 Aforetime did we not agree together,  
 That I, for mine own joy, might give in alms  
 To all who suffer pain of poverty,  
 And said I not I'd be prepared  
 To give the offspring of my flesh,  
 My life, yea, e'en the Go-do-pung-chum ?  
 That I might alms dispense, have I not begged  
 my father ?



Thus he spake.

Then the father said :

My promise was that from my treasures  
Thou at thy choice might give in alms,  
Jewels, gold, silver, copper, iron,  
Corn, horses, elephants, buffalo.  
But ne'er have I pledged my word,  
That thou couldst give thyself in alms,  
Or give the gem, the Go-do-pung-chum.

Thus he spake.

The son pleaded :

Dear father King, hearken to me.  
Though bees gather honey with zeal,  
The gathering is without reward or gain.  
So, Sire, the riches some men crave,  
Like miser hoard are null and naught.  
Though king command the wealth of triple  
void,  
When he in turn doth leave this sphere,  
He, too, must part with empty hand.  
Then is not love of wealth delusion ?  
Then let my father love it lightly,  
Though avarice bind both heart and mind,  
The jewel Pung-chum can ne'er return.

Thus he pleaded.

The father said :

Disguised as my son is an enemy of former life.

The passing away of the jewel Pung-chum  
Is that of risen sun sinking west at eventide,  
My kingdom scattered to the wind !  
Alas ! Alas ! to find such fate !

Thus he spake,  
The son entreated his father :

By selfless kindness to all,  
Discarding self-holding cupidity,  
Consummating the purpose of self and others,  
And devoting oneself to the Doctrine,  
Again will rise the sun of happiness.

Thus he entreated,  
Again the father spake :

Though I loved and guarded thee as a son,  
Thou hast mated sin and wasted my realm,  
Annihilating as enemy the Pung-chum.  
Not wanted by me, I deliver thee to judgment.

After he had thus spoken  
Ti-me-kun-dan was delivered to the executioners.  
The executioners seized the Prince and stripped  
him naked ;  
Bound both hands behind his back,  
Attached a cord to his neck,

And made him circumambulate without the palace.

Princess Men-de-zan-mo, leading the three children, followed behind.

Dishevelled her own hair,

With eyes full of tears,

She, in mind distress, wailed this lamentation :

Alas ! Alas ! What misery !

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfilment !

Not dead, and behold to-day the pain of hell !

Why is the army host of gods not visible ?

Nor Buddhas here to bear their witness ?

The King grants mercy to pauper criminals !

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfilment !

Though thou delightest in the way of goodness,

Since Council and retinue comprehend not,

Their deeds are thus pitiless,

Between wealth and son, wealth is chosen.

To such religion is quite impossible.

Perceive they with the mind, and the heart is not lord.

Even to foe thus could one venture ?

Gods of the visible world and demons assembled,

Demi-gods, rulers of men, gods of the ground,<sup>1</sup>

*Mi-am-chi*,<sup>2</sup> and others, mighty and skilful,

<sup>1</sup> The gods of the ground are the *genii loci*. They guard their province with fury, and must be propitiated.

<sup>2</sup> *Mi-am-chi* are aerial spirits that feed on fragrance and odours. They are thought to be incarnate in flying insects.

Behold our pain, the pain of children and mother !

To save—possess ye skill and power ? Well !

If able to save requite quickly his merit.

Alas ! Alas ! such wretchedness !

O heart, how canst thou bear it ! O mind, how endure !

This not to behold,—oh to have died !

Thus wailing she followed closely behind Ti-me-kun-dan.

The executioners were armed as follows :

With arrows of the “ white horse,”

With quick glancing bows,

With swords,

With spears,

With catapults upon elephants.

Seeing such array, and at the noise of the great trumpets, fear fell on all.

Some pushed the Prince from behind,

Others dragged him from before.

During the day, to show him to all, they traversed the city ;

At night they placed him within a black pit.

Then the men of the city-assembled and wailed their affliction.

Zan-mo, with her children, overcome by grief,  
With eyes blinded by tears,

With hands beating the breast,  
With voice broken and hoarse by weeping,  
cried :

Ti-me-kun-dan has shown the way of goodness ;  
To the very poor, to beings without possession,  
He has shown deep compassion, the love of a  
father.

With joy he gave generously all that was  
needed.

Yet still is unripe the fruit of his giving.  
Gone is the fortune of mother and children,  
That such is to-day the sequence of merit !

Thus wailing she uttered great cries.

Then the father King said to his Council  
assembled :

O Ministers, listen to me !

My unworthy son has given the Jewel to an  
enemy.

Seeing the callousness of his conduct,  
In what way now must he be punished ?  
Consider well, O Ministers.

Thus he spake.

Thereupon a Minister said :

Though the King's son he should be subjected to  
law.

It would be expedient, therefore, to strip the skin from his body.

Another said :

It would be well to impale him upon a pointed stake.

Another said :

It would be right to sever each of his limbs.

Another said :

His heart alive should be torn forth.

Another said :

With body fastened down his eyes should be plucked out.

Another said :

Lacking head and thighs, let his body be drained of blood.

Another said :

It would be right to kill him by crushing his flesh and his bones.

Another said :

His head should be cut off and hung at the gate  
of the Palace.

And one exclaimed :

Prince, wife, children should be thrown into a  
putrid pit.

Thus spake they variously, not agreeing as to the  
Prince's death.

Then the King, touched a little by remorse, said  
to his Ministers :

This my son has honoured the way of virtue,  
For he is of the Bodhisattva race.  
Who, then, could bring himself to slay him ?  
With yet more care ye should consider.

Thus he spake.

Then the Minister Da-wa-zan-po,  
Of pure religion and great faith, said :

O all ye Ministers,  
What words have ye spoken ?  
Than this son the King has none other.  
If subjects are without King what can they  
do ?

Myself, because I am thought-weary,  
I would fain flee to the ends of the earth.

O father King, be not faint-hearted,  
Heed not the evil counsel of thy Ministers.  
In truth thy son is the marvel of the universe,  
Wonderful, marvellous incarnation of Buddha.  
His excellence—thought cannot compass, nor  
speech describe

Its crowning glory. That same Ti-me-kun-dan,  
When made to circumambulate the palace,  
Men-de-zan-mo, with their children,  
Followed behind; and, seeing his countenance,  
wept.

All the town—old, young, boys, men, women,  
Have beheld this scene, and have mourned such  
anguish.

Many say: We would dare by artifice to save  
the Prince,

For to behold such sight is unendurable.

We beg rather ourselves to be slain.

Reflect further, O Ministers and Retinue.

The law of Hor<sup>1</sup> is one, and the law of Bod<sup>2</sup> is  
one.

Is it right to put two saddles upon one horse?

For giving the Jewel in alms he has been  
punished,—

<sup>1</sup> *Hor* is a word that was formerly applied to the Mongol; and more recently to the Turk. It is also the name of a district.

<sup>2</sup> *Bod* is Tibet. The name we give to the country is apparently derived from *mT'o*, meaning high or elevated, and Bod. So the antithesis: The law of Mongol is one; the law of Tibetan is one.



Punished enough already. Now, pray, let him go.

Thus he implored.  
The father said :

Bring the Prince himself hither.

So the Minister Da-wa-zan-po went quickly to the gate of the palace.

Untying the cords which bound the Prince,  
He adorned his body with soft raiment,  
And with a presentation of beautiful ornaments,  
Bowing low before him, he said :

O Precious Prince ! Come now into the palace, I beg.

So Prince Ti-me-kun-dan set about going.  
Observing this, Men-de-zan-mo and her children thought—

Now they are leading the Prince in order to kill him.

With face full of tears they held him, refusing to let him go.

Da-wa-zan-po thereby was suddenly unmanned.  
Weeping and wiping his eyes, he returned into the presence of the King, and said :

Having unbound the cords of the Prince, I invited  
him to come.

But Men-de-zan-mo and her children thought  
to themselves :

Now they are leading him forth to kill him.  
Thus thinking they refused to let him go.  
This suddenly o'erwhelmed me with distress.  
Reflect thereon, O precious King.

Thus he pleaded.  
The King said :

Well, bring them all !

So the Minister Da-wa-zan-po invited them, and  
they entered the palace.

Prince Ti-me-kun-dan, his wife and children,  
having prostrated themselves, remained  
before the King.

The father King said :

Thou enemy of former life disguised as my son,  
Thou hast given my precious Jewel to an  
enemy

And laid waste my treasury.

Whilst the enemy rejoices I am vanquished.

In punishment for many misdeeds,

In retribution for much intrigue,

To the so-called Drought and Famine Ha-  
shang,  
In the great Mountain of Demons,  
Thou shalt remain twelve years.  
Go forth at once. Tarry not in this land.

Thus he spake.  
The son pleaded :

O father, god-like in power, hearken unto me.  
A realm not ruled by religion is fault of king.  
May my father show me some compassion.  
Placed in the hands of low-class hang-men,  
They have struck me in every limb,  
And my body bare has been torn by jagged  
iron.  
Led forth by ropes as though wild horse,  
Foe-like, by hang-men, I've been made go  
round,  
Then shown to market crowd as showman's  
sword.  
As if a corpse they have stripped me naked.  
Mocking the devotee, they've made me go right-  
wise  
At night, as though thief, flung me down  
into pit,  
Raining their weapons as if I were scoundrel.  
Such are the pains they have made me endure,  
Pains not imposed on thy meanest of subjects.  
Since I need not thy illusory wealth,

Pray let me go according to thy word.  
May father and mother have health and good  
fortune.  
May household and people dwell in peace and in  
joy.

Having thus spoken,  
The Prince, his wife and children, returned to  
his palace.

When he had given the wealth that remained to  
him,

He prepared to start for the Devil Mount, Ha-  
shang.

Then Council, people, household dispatched  
deputies.

Each of the sixty princes sent a coin of gold.

Three thousand ministers each sent coin of  
silver.

Ninety thousand people sent horses, elephants,  
and so on.

Even this wealth the Prince dispersed in alms.

When he had no possessions left in hand

He said to Men-de-zan-mo :

Thou, Zan-mo, listen to me.

By command of my father I go to Ha-shang.

Return then, you four, mother and children,

To the palace of thy father,

In the country full of Lotus.

Stay there in peace, companion of my heart ;  
Stay there twelve years in health and happiness.

May we then meet—self, you, mother, children,  
Friends, household, people : such is my prayer.

Thus he spake.

Prostrating herself before the Prince, Men-de-  
zan-mo said :

Holy Prince, if thou and I are separated,  
I am not able to return to Lotus-land.

If thou goest, O Prince, to the mountain Ha-  
shang,

In what place can we stay, we, mother and  
children ?

Having been companions in time of happiness,  
How can we separate in time of misfortune ?

By heart and mind such thought is insupport-  
able.

Then lead us, I pray, to the land where thou  
goest.

Thus she entreated.

Again the Prince spake :

Thou, Zan-mo, speak not such word.

In the land of happiness, the kingdom of joy,

Thou hast for counsel thy father and thy  
mother ;

For support and for comfort—these three little ones ;

For worldly toil thou hast male and female servants ;

And canst have also friends in concord with thy soul

Seated on cushions of *pad-ma*<sup>1</sup> and *pan-tse-li*,  
Thou hast in hunger delicious, savoury food.\*

In thirst, thou canst drink nectar that flows like water.

In fatigue of mind, behold, there is song and dance.

But in the Devil Mountain of arid Ha-shang,  
For hunger and thirst there is but fruit and water.

For clothes, but the leaves of trees ; for couch,  
merely grass.

For companions in solitude, birds and wild game.

The day without man, the night filled with demons,

A country it is of exceeding great terror.

Night, day, incessantly fall rain and snow.

And for thee it lacks a fit habitation.

<sup>1</sup> *Padma* : the lotus, or water-lily. Neither in dictionary nor kindred work is *pan-tse-li* defined.

<sup>2</sup> The Tibetan expression for savoury or flavoursome is food with eight-*brgyad* or with a hundred-*brgya* best flavours ; the two numbers being spelt alike except for the addition of *d* to the former.

Stay, then, in thy palace. Soon will come my  
return.

Thus he spake.

Men-de-zan-mo, seizing the hand of the Prince,  
said :

O Prince, if thou takest not thy servant,

To-day will Zan-mo be separated from life.

Without thee on whom can I lean in  
confidence ?

Turn not away : Take, I pray thee, thy  
servant.

Thus she entreated.

Again the Prince spake :

My joy is in the giving of gifts.

If man asked, I would give my own life.

If suppliant begged, I should give child and  
wife.

To prevent, then, such almsgiving,

You—mother, children, stay here.

Thus he spake.

And again Zan-mo entreated :

O great Prince, hearken unto me.

Yea, though thou givest myself, or our little  
ones,

Make me, I beg, thy companion in almsgiving.  
If thou lead us forth as thy servant attendants,  
Then reflection is crowned, and speech now is  
ended.

Thus she entreated.  
So the Prince consented by look to take Zan-mo  
and the children.

Prince Ti-me-kun-dan next went into the presence  
of his mother, Gel-dan-zan-mo ; and, bowing  
low, said :

O Mother of past, present, and future Buddhas,  
Blest with the four Immeasurables and ten  
Transcendentals,<sup>1</sup>

Mother of ripened fruit, completing both want  
and wish,

O great Mother, hearken unto me.

Having given an enemy the jewel Pung-chum,

My father requites me with heavy punishment.

To Ha-shang, the mountain of Hunger and  
Thirst,

I am banished for twelve years.

If there befall not my mother, throughout those  
years,

<sup>1</sup> Among the ten Transcendentals are : Meditation, Wisdom, Fortitude, Patience, Industry. The Immeasurables are usually three : Love, Compassion, Joy. The fourth seems to be Indifference to pleasure or pain.



Any mishap, sudden disease, or accident,  
And if my own passing over is not decreed,  
I pray that mother, son, will be reunited.

Thus he spake.

The mother, losing consciousness, fainted.

Recovering after a little,

She grasped the hand of her son,

And, with eyes full of tears, she said :

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfilment !

As I am thy mother, and thou art my first-  
born,

Thou art, my son, since quitting the womb, my  
own heart.

How, then, can I bear thy going to the place of  
Fear ?

If thou goest to Mount Ha-Shang for twelve  
years,

In those twelve years helpless age may befall,

For, lacking thee, who will be my stay and com-  
fort ?

To be old, alas, and parted from thee, my son !

What purpose is there in the mind of father  
King ?

His first son not born, the pain was un-  
speakable.

Yielding, then, homage to the Most Precious on  
high,

On earth winning fruit by oblations and alms,

There was born to me a son exceeding precious,  
Since of all beings he is the hope of the world,  
What cause is served by sending him to distant  
land ?

One's first not born the satisfaction-cord is cut.  
Our first now born one fastens thus his destiny.  
Is not, then, the father King possessed of  
demon ?

Thus she spake.

Then the son entreated :

Weep not, my revered mother.

In the *kor-wa* of all beings of the three *Dhatu*,  
The general fate is to meet and then separate.

August mother, attached heart and mind to thy  
son—

That I am of thy blood and flesh is true  
indeed—

With end of evil night there comes the time of  
dawn.

I pray that we, mother, son, will meet in this  
life.

If it comes not that we meet again in this life,  
Then I pray that we meet after in the Pure  
Land.

Thus he spake.

Sobbing the while, the mother held the hand of  
her son.

Then she thought to herself :

As this my son is going a long journey, it is not  
propitious thus to weep.

So she wiped her eyes.

Bowing then to the gods dwelling at the ten  
compass points, she prayed thus :

Mighty, Profound <sup>1</sup> Buddhas of the ten directions,  
Sons of Buddha, Arhats, <sup>2</sup> Bodhisattvas,  
The four great guardian kings of the universe,  
Gods of wealth and treasure, with all the host of  
heaven,

Guardian angels of the land, gods, nagas,  
demons—

Ye all, I beseech, hearken unto me !

Protect this my son whilst proceeding on his  
way.

Let him come back unchanged <sup>3</sup> along the way of  
bliss.

Whilst crossing quickly many passes and  
valleys,

Let him journey knowing naught of fatigue.

<sup>1</sup> The intensive word here used is Ocean, which might be written Dalai. This title of the Grand Lama of Lhasa is Mongolian, and means ocean ; but the Tibetan of the word, namely *rgya-mis'o*, is that of the text.

<sup>2</sup> *Arhats* might be described as the saints of the Hinayana, or Southern Buddhism.

<sup>3</sup> The expression means, Let him return alive.

Whilst dwelling at Ha-shang, the mountain of  
demons,  
May he have residence god-like and kingly.  
When eating chill fruit and food of the forest,  
May it become nectar-like, flavoursome.  
When thirsty, may he find the water he drinks  
Has become a flow of milk continuous.  
Procuring garment of leaves, or couch of bark,  
May both these resemble *pad-ma* and *pan-tse-li*.  
When ferocious wild beasts raise voices to  
roar,  
May he then seem to hear the chant Mahayana.  
Let the screaming waters of a narrow defile  
Be as the gentle murmur of the six syllables.  
When tormented by heat in a narrow ravine,  
Shall not the daughters of gods give cooling  
shade ?  
When he dwells in the desert mountain of  
terrors,  
May Buddhas come to be both comforter and  
friend.  
When his body burns with fever disease,  
May healing medicine appear as by miracle.  
With naught of pain grant him gladness and  
peace,  
Softening mishap and completing good fortune.  
And may the meditations of my son Ti-me-kun-  
dan  
Flourish in foliage as the tree that grants  
wishes.

This solemn petition I speak from my heart,  
And pray that we, mother, son, will soon again  
meet.

Thus she prayed.

After that, the Prince, his wife and children,  
started for Ha-shang, the Mountain of  
Demons,

The Prince had a vehicle drawn by two  
horses.

Mother and children had one drawn by four  
horses.

Their baggage was loaded upon three elephants.  
Thus they proceeded far accompanied by  
escort—

By the mother Gel-dan-zan-mo with the fifteen  
hundred queens,

King Zan-po at the head of the sixty tribu-  
taries,

Da-wa-zan-po, etc., with three thousand Ministers,  
House-steward Pal-dan with household, servants,  
subjects—

All wailing as they went their lamentations.

When they had crossed many passes and  
valleys,

The Prince thought to himself :

These people must be weary.

Then he said :

You, my great Mother, and you, O Queens,  
Feudatory Princes and Ministers,  
Pal-dan, subjects, retainers, and servants,  
All dear to me,

In crossing many passes and valleys,  
Progress may be barred by the lord of death.  
Since impermanence marks all synthesis,  
So happy fellowship brings separation.  
Cutting, then, my own cord of happiness,  
I bid you now return to your own land.  
With its faith conform harmoniously.  
As all is fleeting, give your life in alms,  
Commend yourselves to the three Most Precious,  
Reflect upon the blessings o'er your head,  
And praise the host of heaven who guard the  
faith.

Supposing my health be good in twelve years,  
I will return ; and pray that we may meet.  
But if in this life we meet not again,  
Then may we meet later in the Pure Land.

Thus he spake.

The escort, renewing their cries of lamentation,  
bowed low to the Prince and returned.

Then the mother, Gel-dan-zan-mo, seizing the  
hand of the Prince, said :

O my Ti-me-kun-dan, Sublime Wish-fulfilment !  
As fate from former life, O my heart !  
One's own heart is sent to the mountain of  
Fear.

To-day, my own heart is torn from my breast,  
The sun of my life sinks down in the west.  
Since devils have changed the mind of the  
King,

Where now in this world can I lean for rest ?  
Ah ! wicked dealing is this banishment !  
Depart now, O my Bodhisattva son,  
Thinking no thought of grief or misery.  
With yearning my son my heart will pulsate,  
Craving and crying—Ti-me-kun-dan !

Comes there the roar of thunder in summer,  
Then, O my Son, I bid thee remember.  
Three times, my Son, thy Mother will name  
thee,  
Three times calling, will cry—Ti-me-kun-dan !  
And thou, Son, thy Mother, three times will  
name her,  
Three times calling, will cry—Gel-dan-zan-mo !

Comes there the shriek of winds in the winter,  
Then, O my Son, I bid thee remember,  
Three times, my Son, thy Mother will name  
thee,  
Three times calling, will cry—Ti-me-kun-dan !

And thou, Son, thy Mother, three times will  
    {name her,  
Three times calling, will cry—Gel-dan-zan-mo !

Comes there in spring the voice of the cuckoo,  
Then, O my Son, I bid thee remember.  
Three times, my Son, thy Mother will name  
    thee,  
Three times calling, will cry—Ti-me-kun-dan !  
And thou, Son, thy Mother, three times will  
    name her,  
Three times calling, will cry—Gel-dan-zan-mo !

Ever graciously esteem thy Mother.  
Likely in this life again we'll unite.  
But if we meet not again in this life,  
Pray then we meet in the Way of Highest Per-  
    fection.

Thus speaking, she wept piteously, and later  
    returned.

When the Prince,<sup>1</sup> his wife and children, reached  
    the neck of the pass,

<sup>1</sup> From this point onward Ti-me-kun-dan is called King in the Tibetan text. Except, however, when the word "king" is used by way of compliment in addressing him, the word "prince" is retained in the translation. This serves to avoid some confusion, especially when he returns and meets again his father, the King.



They looked backward ;  
And, behold, the people of the escort were far  
distant.

As they proceeded along the pass, there appeared  
three poor men who begged alms.

The Prince, greatly rejoicing, said :

Though these elephants are good for going,  
And though to me very desirable,  
They're not jewel islands of boundless wealth !  
So, to consummate one's meditation,  
To you now, Brahmans, I give them in  
alms.

Thus speaking, he gave the elephants.

About one mile farther down, at Ka-ling-kyi-da  
five poor men appeared.

We want you to give us these horses, they  
cried.

Very well, said the Prince.

Then he spake these words :

Precious, divine <sup>1</sup> horses, swift as a strong  
wind,

(With pleasing wagons, gay now with garlands)

<sup>1</sup> The word here used is *ria-mchog*, which means not merely best horses, but implies the pegasus which partakes of divine properties. Among the seven kinds of treasure belonging to the mighty monarch are the following precious things : wheel, elephant, horse, jewel, wife, minister, general.

Goodly beyond all thought as gift in alms,  
Be strong in magic power and witchcraft !

Thus speaking he made presentation.

To put the three children in the way the Prince  
led.

Men-de-zan-mo, in walking, carried a supply of  
provisions,

Thus they descended to the so-called Place of  
Happy Thought.

Next they reached a lovely region of many  
flowers, of high hills, smooth greensward,  
pure water, and green trees, with game, and  
birds frolicking.

There, in the cool shade of the Ta-la<sup>1</sup> tree, the  
father, mother, and children, being fatigued,  
rested.

Then Men-de-zan-mo drew near to the river and  
drank a draught of water.

Looking around her this way and that, she saw  
no sign of man, but beheld the sportive play  
of birds and game.

With mind uneasy Zan-mo spake thus :

Alas ! Where'er one looks,  
One sees no human pleasing to the soul.

<sup>1</sup> The palmyra, or palm. But the word may apply to  
another variety of tree,

Zan-mo is weary of wild game sporting.  
Though there is water here to quench the  
    thirst,  
And though wealth hoarding is not quintessence,  
'Tis not to my mind such coming as this,  
Like fated destiny from former lives.

Thus she spake.  
Meanwhile the Prince reflected :

Because this vale is empty, without man,  
Zan-mo is sad.  
As the way will become yet more difficult,  
And as there will be terror of wild beasts,  
She must go back from here.

Having thus reflected, he said :

Men-de-zan-mo, listen to me.  
The way to be traversed is much more far.  
There will be endless pain from river and  
    pass,  
With growing fear of wild beasts,  
Without for you fit place of encampment.  
To return now, then, would it not be well ?

So he spake.  
Zan-mo bowed, and thus entreated :  
O great King, hearken unto me.  
My words just now were from the mouth,

Without thee who will be my hope and stay ?  
And whither go, if sent from thee, O King ?  
Not doubting, then, pray lead me where thou  
wilt.

Again after that they proceeded,  
Till they came to green mountain pastures where  
together they rested.  
There, Zan-mo, yet more disheartened, said—but  
so that the Prince heard not :

This mountain meadow has clothing of rich  
colours.  
Without man, bees and winged insects hum and  
buzz.  
And birds, not one, but many kinds, sing rejoic-  
ing.  
Yet everywhere one looks, for man 'tis weariness.  
During this our exile to the ends of the  
earth,  
To the realm of Bhe-té will we look with  
longing !

After she had thus spoken they continued their  
journey.  
On reaching lofty uplands, a delightful place of  
mountain meadow, much fruit, and sporting  
game,

Zan-mo entreated :

O great King, hearken unto me.  
This lovely place has every kind of flower,  
A rapid stream, and sweetly singing birds,  
Meadow, much fruit, and sporting game,  
Could we not make our dwelling here ?

Thus she entreated.  
The Prince replied :

To disobey my father would be sin.  
Here not remaining, we go to Ha-shang.

Continuing the journey, the three children from  
foot-illness lagged behind.  
Then the Prince prayed :

Gods, and Guardians of this land,  
Able and strong !  
Haste to help that we go quickly.  
Though my own feet are strong to walk,  
By curing the ill of these little ones,  
Quickly we'll reach the Devil Mountain—  
If suitably near.

By thus praying,  
The mountain became nearer by five miles.

Again proceeding,  
They came to the so-called Wind-shaken Wood,

Thence they reached the Happy Lotus Forest,  
The look of which was smiling and happy,  
So Men-de-zan-mo said to the Lotus :

Thou, born of water,  
Flow'ring above water,  
Decked with fine petals,  
Smiling in joy ;  
With filament fingers  
Twined overhead,  
Rev'rently rising,  
To sway in the dance.

So she spake.  
Again continuing, they came to the so-called  
Copper Country of Vivid Light.  
There they were met by three Brahmans.  
Bowing low to the Prince, they begged him to  
grant their request.  
The Prince said :

Explain where along this highway you three  
came from.

We three (said one) come from the Country of  
Golden Sand.<sup>1</sup>

Myself—I am one and eighty years of age.  
As my wife is a very young woman,

<sup>1</sup> In the original this moonshine story is illiterate and without punctuation.

Whilst I am old, there's much unhappiness,  
And this would cause ill language from most  
men.

Then two Brahman wives said to my wife,—  
What! A young thing like you with old man  
like that!

And my wife spoke of seeking joy elsewhere.  
She said to me,—I will stay with you—if,  
If to be my servants you will secure  
The three children of Ti-me-kun-dan.

Then I will stay.

The King has made vow to give what one  
wants.

Then hurry along to get what one asks.  
Hope now is gone of three children by thee :  
If those thou get not, then will I not stay.

The Prince said :

These children cannot be your wife's servants.  
And could compassion tear them from their  
mother!

It would kill their mother. It must not be.  
To serve who comes! What turn of dice and  
wheel!

Then the Prince reflected :

Having made a vow to give what is asked,  
I must give.

To himself he added :

There is risk that from feeling Men-de-zan-mo will not let them go.

So the Prince said :

Zan-mo, go search for forest fruit and invite these three guests.

Zan-mo went to seek forest fruit.

By malicious fate<sup>1</sup> there was no fruit at hand ;  
it was necessary, therefore, to go some distance away.

During her absence the Prince took hold of his three children by the hand, and said :

Le-pal, Le-dan, Le-dze, my two sons and daughter !

Since parting follows even happy unison—

For all coming together is impermanent—

To-day ends the long time we have been together.

All creatures among the six classes of beings,

After assembling, my children, must separate.

Though to you my heart will be ever near,

<sup>1</sup> The literal expression is : By fate of Lha-chin. According to the legends, Lha-chin, in malicious and presumptuous ways continually sought to annoy his relative Buddha. One quaint story in the Tibetan *Wise Man and Fool* says that when Buddha on Eagle Peak was taking special medicine for a cold, Lha-chin presumed to order the doctor to give him the same medicine and the same quantity. This he took and was ill in consequence.



Be not attached to father, nor think of mother ;  
But go you three to do the will of these Brahmans.  
Oh ! the time must come when we'll be reunited.

Thus having spoken, he gave the three children  
to the three Brahmans.

The three children, because they were young in  
age, and especially because they yearned for  
their absent mother, pulled backwards as  
they called " Ma-ma ! Ma-ma ! " hoping to see  
her.

Then the Brahmans tied them to a tree trunk,  
turned up their clothes, cut off the branch  
of a thorn tree, and beat them.

Unable to bear such sight, the Prince covered his  
head and wept.

The children screamed, calling " Ma-ma ! Ma-ma ! "  
Then Le-dan said :

Pray let us bid a last farewell to our father.

The Brahmans acceded to this prayer.

Bowing low before his father, he said :

Dear father King ! to accomplish a great purpose,  
Thou hast vowed to give : and givest thy three  
children.

In accordance with thy word let us, pray, depart.  
But by grace grant us to wait the return of our  
mother.

Though we despair of meeting again our mother,  
May father and mother live always in peace.

Thus having spoken, he wept.

Then Le-pal spake :

Our father made oath to give what is asked,  
Which at naught would be set if we begged not  
to part.

Now, then, let us go to perfect meditation.

But beforehand I long to meet my mother.

Is there chance of meeting father, mother in this  
life ?

If it comes not that we meet again in this life,  
Pray we meet in the Way of Highest Perfection.

Thus having spoken, he wept.

Then spake Le-dze :

The body of Le-dze, pretty as peacock,  
That parents have sheltered like paradise tree,  
Goes now to wait on—these wicked Brahmans.  
For we must obey command of our father.  
Mother beloved who hath given thy milk,  
Sad will I be if we do not soon meet,  
But if now that be not, then may we meet After.

Thus speaking, she wept.

Then the father, also weeping, said :

O my children, the heart of my breast,  
Thus to be sundered is pain and unrest.

Yet to give, we know, is decree of the Faith.  
Then weep no more tears—Begotten of my flesh !  
Gods above, and the Most Precious—pitiful,  
Whilst these three children are proceeding on  
    their way,  
Guard from misfortune and sudden disease.  
These words most solemn I speak from my heart,  
And pray for us all a quick reuniting.

Then the three children were led away by the  
    Brahmans.  
After they had journeyed far the children were  
    separated, and each taken to a different  
    place.

Men-de-zan-mo at length, having gathered fruit  
    of the forest, came back.  
Because neither children nor Brahmans were  
    before the Prince it came to her mind :  
My three children have certainly been given to  
    the Brahmans.

With this thought she threw herself on the earth,  
    and wailed her affliction in these words :  
O my three little ones, radiant as the sun !  
Now through these Brahmans black clouds have  
    gathered.  
By hailstones pernicious my flowers are crushed,

Mighty gods and guardians of this land !  
And powerful host of heaven above !  
This passing away has come like a flash.  
Why, ye above, are we thus forsaken !  
O my three children, heart of my breast !  
Not dying, yet bereft of life.  
For this our pain—pain of mother, children,  
Must these three vile Brahmans go not punished ?

Thus speaking, she was overwhelmed by suffering.  
The Prince, with deep compassion in his heart,  
sprinkled water upon the face of Zan-mo.  
When she had somewhat revived he said :

Thou, O Zan-mo, listen to me !  
Dost thou not remember the compact between  
us ?  
When leaving for Devil Mount our home at  
Bhe-té  
Then did I not say to thee this ?  
That to give was my happiness ;  
That I'd give my child or my wife—  
If man asked ; or even my life.  
Then didst thou not say ? So far from thwarting,  
We two are joined for Highest Perfection.  
Having thus vowed, we thus are united.  
Yet now with distress thou much art afflicted,  
Lacking thee to cross the plains and passes,  
Who else can be my friend and comforter ?  
O Zan-mo, thy pain woundeth my heart.

Having thus spoken, the Prince himself shed many tears.

Then Men-de-zan-mo wiped with her hand the tears of the Prince, and said :

O great King, graciously hear me !

Before departing I embraced not our children,  
So my tears flow forth at thought of my beloved,

And not with desire to stir the heart of the King.

As if one's own heart, these three lovely little ones

Have been torn by these Brahmans, and now are dispersed.

My head is dizzy with thought of my children,  
And my mind is weary.

But nevermore will I oppose word of the King.

Meditation to perfect I'll do what he speaketh.

Again now proceed, and I'll be thy follower.

Thus having spoken, they went on their way,

Till they found in a dense forest much fruit.

When Zan-mo had gathered some she gave to the Prince,

Who thereupon ate a portion,

Because it was pleasing to taste, and he had found peace,

He took more of it into his hand, and spake these words :

O fruit of In-ta, with eight best flavours,  
Sweet and well-tasting—the best of food,  
If our children were here, this they would savour.  
Not being here—Ah! sad is one's heart!

Looking at Zan-mo, her tears flowed afresh.  
Then the Prince spake these words:

That which comes forth from the mouth of one  
    musing,  
That which, not thinking, comes to the mind,  
Is not the self thereby distorted?  
Thou, Zan-mo, too, eat some of this fruit.

After he had thus spoken they continued the  
    journey.

In the way they came to a great river, broad,  
    deep, and difficult to cross.

So the Prince prayed:

Ye merciful host of heaven above,  
Gods and guardian angels of the land,  
Able and strong!  
Having dwelt in witness of the two realities,<sup>1</sup>  
We pray you reveal the way across this river.  
If from this river there is no way of release,

<sup>1</sup> The two realities are: (1) Subjective Truth concerning Phenomena. (2) Absolute, or Sublime Truth. The more common category is that known as—The Four Realities, or Truths: (1) Pain. (2) Cause of Pain. (3) Cessation of Pain. (4) Path leading to Cessation of Pain.

Then shall I transgress the command of my  
father.

Pray, then, show us a path across these wide  
waters.

Because he had thus prayed  
The waters above were heaped up, and below  
were cut asunder. In the midst the way  
appeared, and they passed over.

Then the Prince reflected :

In the heaping up of this water above, and in the  
cutting below, injury is caused to many  
sentient beings.

So he entreated :

O River ! return to thine accustomed channel !

Because he had thus spoken  
The river descended as aforetime.

Again proceeding on their way,  
They came to a place called Wind-shaken Rosary.  
There the two mighty gods Brahma and Indra  
appeared transformed as two Brahmins.

Was the charity of Ti-me-kun-dan a charity  
altogether vain and delusive ?

Or was it charity in good earnest—in the true sense ?

It would be necessary to find out. So they reflected.

Having come into the presence of the Prince, they said :

O great King, we pray that you will give us both alms.

The Prince thought to himself :

Men come not to such place. Then are not these phantoms ?

Thus thinking, the Prince said :

You two, where do you come from ?

As to myself, as I am without anything, what can I give ?

The two Brahmans said :

We two come from the country Pa-ka—Yonder.

Our prayer is this : We beg you to give us your wife.

The Prince reflected :

If this time I give not my Zan-mo, then one's former charities become profitless.



But if I give : She has come this great distance  
from love to me.

Because of her grief in separation from myself  
compassion requires one to take her along.  
To give now, then, would be action unworthy.

When he had thus reflected he said to Men-de-  
zan-mo :

O thou, Men-de-zan-mo, ever enchanting.  
To secure the merits accumulated aforetime  
One must give for religion both body and life.  
To give body and life is the essence of faith.  
But our long union makes my soul not able.  
Yet this time, my Zan-mo, if thou goest not,  
Then will not be gained the goal of my alms-  
giving ;  
And thou, too, must lose the bliss of Hereafter.  
So the wish of these Brahmans go thou to furnish,  
With them according as thou dost with me.  
Our heart's core, beloved, is ever united !

When he had thus spoken he gave her to the  
Brahmans.

Thereupon Zan-mo said :

If thou givest me to the Brahmans,  
There will be no one to serve the King.  
I beg thee, therefore, not to give.

Because of these words the Prince spake thus :

O Zan-mo, say not so, but listen.  
 I have vowed to give what is wished ;  
 So hinder not my charity.  
 As partners let us both unite.  
 To gain the very highest holiness.  
 Think not of me. Serve now the Brahmans.  
 So my service will be done through thee.

Thus he spake.  
 Zan-mo, shedding many tears, assented by gesture.

Then the Prince said to the Brahmans :

You two Brahmans, listen to me.  
 Zan-mo has been the faithful companion  
 Of all this period of existence.  
 In rank—she is the daughter of a king ;  
 And is skilled in preparing meat and drink,  
 Well-tasting, sweet, succulent, cordial.  
 Such is charming and beautiful Zan-mo.  
 Needing her not, take her, you Brahmans.

So the two Brahmans led Zan-mo away.

When they had walked about one hundred paces,  
 They turned back again ; and, making presenta-  
 tion to the Prince, spake thus :

It was a test, O lord, ruler of men.  
 We acknowledge now thy goodness,

And freedom from each obstacle to peace.  
In truth thy charities are genuine—  
Ruler of men, the great Buddha !  
For thou canst give even thine own life.  
Since thou art thus, O King, we salute thee.

Thus praising, they made their presentation.  
The Prince said :

Having once given, I do not re-take,  
So now you two yourselves lead her away.

Because the Prince had thus done and spoken  
The two Brahmans revealed themselves as gods,  
and said :

Free from attachments we've found thee, great  
King,  
But not a necessity to us is thy Queen.

Indra then glanced heavenward, this way and that.  
At once all the gods in his power assembled to  
form a great encampment,  
Which, coming before the Prince and Princess,  
rendered the perfect homage due to  
superiors.

Indra (with Brahma), bowing low, said :

Mighty lord of gods and men, and thou noble  
consort,

Who have renounced this present life—  
 Bringing to man eternal bliss—  
 To gain the greater good Hereafter ;  
 Highest, truest Buddhas,  
 Light miraculous of the world,  
 Low we bend, thou holy ones,  
 Whom on this earth none can out-rival.

Thus their homage.

When both Prince and his wife had proceeded on  
 their way they glanced backward from the  
 road-side, and lo ! the encampment, like a  
 rainbow, had vanished, and was gone.  
 Farther on they fell in with a small fair boy who  
 held in his hand a chaplet of white crystal.  
 The boy said :

O great King, about one mile from here thou wilt  
 reach a place where the god Brahma, under  
 the form of a man, will do thee honour.

Again proceeding, they came near to a great  
 river where was Brahma incarnate, who  
 transformed the place into a large city, and  
 there, for seven days, entertained the Prince  
 and his consort.

When they prepared to depart,  
 The god, assuming the form of the little boy, said :

Dwell in this place, O great King,  
Home and well-being are proffered ;  
Slaves, male, female, as in the world,  
With freedom from a father's punishment.  
In that vile Devil-Hill, Ha-shang,  
Beasts of prey and noxious demons,  
Are everywhere ;  
Nor can one suffer nor subdue :  
A land of terror, wild and black.

Thus he entreated.  
The Prince said :

By merits garnered in a former life,  
One's fortune still is unexhausted.  
From thy faith in good and purity,  
We from thee have gained much honour.  
But—

To indulge fulfilment of desires,  
To cling to these with close attachment,  
Must turn the mind from way of virtue,  
Obscuring thus the understanding.

And—

To set at naught my father's punishment,  
Would be transgression of my solemn word.  
Therefore now must we depart.

Thus he spake.

When they continued their way, the city, like  
breath on a mirror, vanished, and was gone.

Thereupon the Prince said :

I beseech the Most Precious,  
That the fruit of foregoing,  
Will appear in this life.

At length they entered a dense forest, a place of  
deep gloom which obscured the sun.

Whilst there, not knowing which way to go,  
They met a hermit-sage,  
Whose hair was bound above his head,  
Whose beard and eyebrows glittered gold-like,  
And who grasped both fife of femur, and a  
drum.

He said :

Man of great merits !

From what country do you come ?

To what place are you going ?

What is your name ?

Five miles from here is the so-called Ha-shang,  
the Mountain of Demons ;

A place of rough and wild ravines ;

Burning rocks, black shade-firs ;

Poisonous vegetation ;

Pestilent, bubbling waters ; with

Dark mist-fog breathings of noxious snakes.

Tigers, hyenas, bears, and other beasts of prey,

Abhorring scent of man, rush to devour him.

Merely to behold is terror :

A place of exceeding great fear.  
And, beyond thought, the way is frightful.

The Prince replied :

I am Prince Ti-me-kun-dan,  
From the country of Bhe-té I come.  
I go now to the Devil Mountain, Ha-shang.

When he had thus spoken  
The hermit-sage said :

Mine own ears hath heard that he gave in alms  
all the wealth of the kingdom.

To see him with mine own eyes is for me abounding  
felicity.

One mile from here is the so-called Ng-ha-ra  
River.

If you proceed leaving it on the right,  
There is a track of prowling beasts of prey.  
Follow that along.

I pray that we meet in subsequent re-birth.

Thus having spoken, he disappeared.

Proceeding through the dense forest which  
obscured the sun,  
Noxious demons were seen though it was day-  
time ;

Hitherward rushed wild beasts roaring ;  
And screamed the boiling of pestilent waters.

Zan-mo in terror said :

Oh, such place as this—what is it ?  
Like city ruled by devil, lord of death,  
Demons come forth even in day-time,  
To show their jugglery and magic trick.  
Tigers, lions, bears, hyenas,  
And every beast of prey,  
Show their teeth with snarls.  
Abhorrent too, these screaming waters pestilent ;  
And nowhere can deliverance be found ;  
For now is loose our *sanskara* of life,  
Gods above, and the Most Precious,  
In mercy guard us both from harm.

Thus she spake.

The Prince thought to himself: Zan-mo is  
terrified.

Then he spake these words :

Ye great and strong  
Gods, devils, nagas, demons,  
*Mi-am-chi*, and gods of the ground.  
Tigers, lions, wild boars, wolves,  
Man-eating bears, and every beast of prey,  
Hear me, I beg, a little while.  
Myself—as I have the mind of indifference,



Body and life may not be exempt.  
But for the peace of Zan-mo's very soul,  
You all—think no ill and do no harm.  
With stainless mind, refrain from malice.  
Enter, I beg, the state of deep tranquillity.

Thus he spake.  
Then all noxious evil spirits became tranquillised.  
Beasts of prey also refrained from harm, and  
were like to a tame dog wagging its tail in  
keeping guard.  
Whilst birds flew together with songs of  
welcome.

Then both made their way to the great Mountain  
of Demons.

The upper part of the mountain was white with  
snow.

Its spurs were of reddish earth, and clay  
slate.

Along the way of approach a stream descended.  
When the Prince and his wife reached the moun-  
tain,

The trees, dry and withered, put forth foliage.  
From dried-up springs water gushed forth.

And there came then together

The gods of the place, nagas, demons, odour-fed  
air sprites,

Flesh-eating vampires, horned devils, corpse  
spectres,

Heaven-floating *mi-am-chi*, and others. All these  
with

Tigers, lions, bears, hyenas, panthers, wolves,  
Jackals, and many other beasts of prey ;

Horses, elephants, buffalo, led in herds ; also  
large game ;

Wild ducks, geese, cranes, peacocks,  
Parrots, and flights of other birds.

With every kind of living thing belonging to the  
place—

All came together to welcome Prince and  
Princess.

These, observing the mountain, and looking  
southward,

Saw the sun rise in the east, mount, go down,  
then disappear,

And there was no cry of any moving thing.

A stream of pure water flowed along ;

The trees of *Intra* flourished,

Hither and thither birds of every kind

Proclaimed their song and speech.

And many flowers sprang from the pure earth.

In that place, pleasing, bright, healthful,

They made two coverts of boughs and of  
foliage.

The Prince, with heart and mind fixed upon the  
blessing of contemplation, dwelt in medita-  
tion upon the Mahayana doctrine.

Zan-mo stayed a little afar, and gathered from time to time forest fruit for offering to the Prince.

Thus elapsed a long time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Zan-mo at length, yearning passionately for her three children,  
Went into the presence of the Prince and entreated :

O Ti-me-kun-dan, immaculate, and of clear understanding,  
Hearken unto me !  
In this great exile twelve years will have gone—  
With six months to come hither, and six months thither—  
These years being gone, may we not return to our own land ?  
And would it not be well to proceed with leisure ?

Thus she entreated.

The Prince replied :

Zan-mo, listen to me quietly a moment.  
In the midst of lonely forest,  
By command of one with power,  
Free from all the cries discordant

Which distract and turn attention,  
In this place of peace propitious,  
For of thought the comprehension,  
Yet one stays in expectation  
Of yet more power in meditation.

When he had thus spoken he relapsed into complete abstraction.

A little while after this  
Zan-mo went in search of fruit.  
There in the spaces of the forest  
She met a parrot, a very able talker.  
To him Zan-mo said :

6 O brilliant bird of clever speech,  
With more of charm since thou dost please,  
Red of beak and neck exquisite,  
Wingèd too for wondrous flight,  
A shining gem, swimming in space :  
With tuneful voice and nimble tongue,  
Supreme thou art as bird omniscient :  
Then show me, pray, where nicest fruit is found.

The parrot replied :

Consort of King of wise understanding,  
In wifehood retaining thy youth ;  
Flushing of feature, fragrant as forest,  
The essence of charm and of wish ;

With glance as bright as moon at the full,  
Lost in thee, as in sea, is my heart,  
So, happy goddess, smiling and bright,  
Fruit of the forest for thee shall alight.

Thus saying,  
The parrot led her to where was much delicious  
fruit ;  
And, perched at the summit of a tree of Intra,  
Made near her to fall much fruit.  
When Zan-mo's longing was satisfied, she spake  
thus :

O wingèd bird of magic flight !  
The fruit hath pleased both tongue and sight.  
Love duly birds of thine own race.  
May we meet again soon. Farewell !

Thus she spake.  
Then the bird alighted from the tree top.  
In escorting Zan-mo some eighty steps he con-  
tinued :

O thou, charming, good, beautiful,  
Graceful in doing, a goddess in form,  
If we meet not in this life, pray we meet After.

Thus speaking, he flew away.  
Zan-mo, on the way back, came to a rapid,  
sonorous River, and thought to herself in joy :

This River surely flows to the Country of Golden Sand. I must send a message to my three children,

So thinking, she said to the River :

Pure and free-flowing River of Life,  
Calling with voice clear and resounding,  
Quenching, like nectar, thirst of the poor ;  
Flecked in descent with foam white as snow—  
Pray speak in thy going this word to my children :  
Father and mother are living and well.  
In these long years of absence,  
Both have yearned with deep longing,  
Their sons and their daughter,  
Of birth and of lineage.  
Have they been spared from ill and mishap ?  
We pray that the years which have gone since  
we parted,  
Are bringing the time when we'll all be united.

Such was the message committed to the River.

Some days later the children went to gather wood  
along the windings of the River.

When the mother's message was brought to the  
children,

They recalled vividly a moment both father and  
mother, and sat weeping.

When they returned the Brahman woman said  
to the girl :

Where have you been tarrying like this ?  
And struck her many times.

Weary in heart and mind,  
The daughter Le-dze,  
When next collecting wood,  
Climbed to the top of a beautiful mountain.  
There appeared above the *ka-la-pin-ka*<sup>1</sup> bird  
with melodious voice.  
Thinking wistfully of father and mother, the girl  
said to the bird :

O *Ka-la-pin-ka*, singing so sweetly,  
Hearing thy melody stirreth my heart.  
Winging the heavens, gaily thou fliest,  
Pray rest a little nigh one who is sad.  
*Ka-la !*  
Fliest thou near the Mountain of Demons ?  
Then, noble bird, the high way pursuing,  
Voice, pray, this word to father and mother.  
Still in good health is the great King, my  
father ?  
And is she quite well, my praiseworthy mother ?  
Nor weary of the great Mahayana ?  
Nor disturbed in tranquillity and calm ?  
To us nor ill nor mishap has come unaware.  
Yet there's nothing of joy in serving these  
Brahmans.

<sup>1</sup> *Ka-la-pin-ka* is translated cuckoo, parrot, sparrow, and singing bird with sweet voice. As these translations are not satisfactory, the word is left in its original form.

By day and by night my heart has been yearning,  
But now we rejoice in hope of soon meeting.  
In mercy, then, grant of hope near fulfilling.

These tidings were transmitted by the bird.  
When in their dwelling the day appeared at dawn,  
Then, perched in a tree, nigh to both parents,  
The *ka-la-pin-ka* told the daughter's message.

Both father and mother were exceeding sad,  
And shed many tears.  
From these overflowed a great lake.  
Thence sprang upward the sandal tree.  
From its root gold could be procured,  
With turquoise from petals and leaves.  
Its blossoms numbered a thousand and one,  
With a Buddha throned upon each ; and—  
Each Buddha with entity, of mighty Chan-re-si.

Prostrating themselves, the parents praised thus :

Highest lord of boundless power !  
The wheels of thy chariot, 4  
With thousand spokes turning,  
Know naught of impeding.  
Thousand-eye Buddha !  
Thy beams scintillating,  
By teaching and taming,  
Bring an age coruscating !



Then Men-de-zan-mo, by strength of remembering  
her children,

Bowed low before the Prince and petitioned :

O King, possessed of wisdom, hearken unto me.  
In this great land twelve years have gone ;  
Thirteen years—with six months to come and six  
—months to return—

A year beyond the command of thy father.  
Now pray let us return to our country.  
Our three children, like to one's heart,  
Long for their mother and—their own land,  
There to meet with hosts of joyful relations.  
Think how dear they are to one, and let us  
depart.

As she spoke her tears flowed.  
The Prince reflected compassionately :

It is evident that Zan-mo is very sad.  
So he said :

Thou, Zan-mo, weep not.  
The time is come to journey homeward.  
Thus having spoken, the Prince rose and prepared  
to depart.

Then at the place of the mountain there came  
together

All the host of gods, nagas, demons, beasts,  
birds.

Each in his tongue begged Prince and Princess to  
stay,

Lamenting the while with eyes full of tears.

The Prince, regarding with compassion these  
sentient creatures,

Made with his right hand the gesture of bene-  
diction,

And spake these words :

Demi-gods, Demons, Goblins, Air-sprites,

And all living creatures—none excepted.

In these years has been acquired the sense of  
parentage,

With the good manner of family affection.

Now ends to-day this long companionship.

All with life in the *kor-wa* of the three *Dhatu*,

Having come together, must separate.

Such is the law of things.

So dies like this the perishable *sanskara*.

Commit yourselves all to faith in the Doctrine ;

And do no hurt one to the other.

Stay in peace and concord with your own kind.

If we meet not in this life, pray we meet After.

Thus having spoken, the parents departed.

From sense of desolation all those creatures

Accompanied the mother and father a long way.

Then slowly, in sorrow, they turned back.

The parents, continuing their way,  
Reached the so-called place of Luminous Atmosphere.

Thither came a blind Brahman led by his wife,  
Joining his palms in devotion, the Brahman  
bowed low, and prayed the Prince :

O great King,  
I implore you to give me your eyes.

Joyfully the Prince sat with legs crossed on the  
earth, and thought :  
Now my giving must find its full and final fulfilment.

Having thus reflected, he said :

O Men-de-zan-mo,  
Pleasing and beautiful, happy and virtuous,  
Listen to me.  
To crown and complete my giving,  
Self-love must be wholly abandoned.  
Whilst the *kor-wa* is without an end,  
It's of nature that gain is lacking.  
But now will be got essential great good,  
For need the body have aught of our dread !

Thus having spoken,  
He seized a very sharp knife with the right hand.  
With the left he held the eyelids.

Plunging boldly the knife, he scooped within,  
and the blood ran.

Men-de-zan-mo, screaming, caught his hand.  
The Prince exclaimed :

Zan-mo, do not so.

If thou doest thus the essential to me will not be  
near but far off,

And we shall not meet again within the *kal-pa*.  
Sit still, and hinder not my almsgiving.

Having thus spoken,  
With the knife he bored within  
And ejected both eyes.

Zan-mo, because the sight was unbearable, fell  
face foremost on the ground.

The Prince held both eyes in the hollow of his  
hand.

Then he placed them in the sockets of the  
Brahman,

And spake these words :

Virtuous Brahman, listen well.

For you to rejoice in sight I give you both mine  
eyes.

Thus perfected, may you behold the three  
worlds,

Though without, may my vision of the Doctrine  
Be the light to lighten the darkness of Ignorance.  
And may this be the crowning close of my giving.

So speaking, they sat down together.  
When the Brahman came to notice, and to perceive  
whatever might be,  
He prostrated himself before the Prince with  
thanksgiving, and praised him thus :

Glory to thee, noble Prince, issue of Buddha,  
Compassionate, supplying the need of another.  
Brightest light to lighten the darkness of the  
universe,  
King without rival in the three worlds,  
Of gracious goodness to all sentients ;  
And in special from one poor Brahman  
Raising the darkness of gloom and despair.  
Bowing low with thanksgiving, I laud thee, O  
King.

Having thus adored, the Brahman returned to the  
Bhe-té country.  
There the men of the city came together, and  
asked :  
From whence have come your eyes ?  
The Brahman said :

Mine eyes are those of Ti-me-kun-dan ;  
I begged them of him.

At that time the father King,  
With the mother Gel-dan-zan-mo,  
Subjects, household, servants, all filled with  
wonder,  
Went forth to meet Prince Ti-me-kun-dan,  
Dispatching with invitation Minister Da-wa-zan-  
po and body-guard.

Men-de-zan-mo, after a long time, recovered  
consciousness.

Upward rising, she looked at the Prince.  
The Prince was kneeling in an upright position ;  
His kerchief and front were soaked with blood.  
Men-de-zan-mo wept, and spake thus :

Alas ! Twelve years in the Mountain of Terror.  
Coming back to one's own country,  
The mind was filled with immeasurable joy,  
At thought of meeting assembled relations.  
Ah the pain ! Endeavour without profit.  
Alas ! such course of conduct. Alas ! Alas !

Thus lamenting aloud, she wept bitterly.  
The Prince said :

Zan-mo ! make not such misery.  
Apply yourself with might and main to religion.  
Within the *kor-wa* without beginning, end,  
And in the midst of this our present life,  
Since former doings all were profitless and vain,

There now is hope to gain essential great reward.  
Therefore, Zan-mo, make not such distress.  
But—now again to go,  
Thou—hold me by the hand !

Thus he spake.  
Zan-mo, grasping the Prince by the hand, led  
the way.  
Thus, close together, they came into Ha-ri.  
Whilst reposing in the cool shade of a tree,  
The Minister Da-wa-zan-po made his appearance.  
Prostrating himself before the Prince, with palms  
joined in prayer,  
He spake these words :

Son of Buddha ! Ti-me-kun-dan,  
To myself, Minister, pray tell thy wish.  
The great father King, with Ministers assembled,  
Great Queen Gel-dan-zan-mo, with numbers of  
consorts,  
Sixty feudatories, and three thousand officers ;  
Household, servants, subjects—ninety-two thousand,  
By reverent faith in thee, petition thee to come,  
Dispatching as envoy myself—Da-wa-zan-po.

Thus he petitioned.  
The Prince, putting his hand on the head of  
Da-wa-zan-po,  
Spake these words :

Da-wa-zan-po, have you come with your retinue ?  
Although not dead, I am only just alive.

Listen, Da-zan,

The Bhe-té country, has it become a kingdom of  
the Doctrine ?

My noble father and mother, are they in good  
health ?

In accord with your petition let us now  
proceed.

Thus he spake.

Then the Minister Da-wa-zan-po, with Men-de-  
zan-mo,

Led the Prince, holding his right hand and his  
left.

When they sat down by the wayside in order to  
rest,

Blood came forth afresh from the sockets inflamed  
of the Prince ; and he shivered.

Then he spake these words :

This is the end of my giving.

My alms now are consummated.

Thou, illustrious Men-de-zan-mo,

And thou, good Da-wa-zan-po,

Return now to the country of Bhe-té.

Because in concord with its faith,

I go also to mine own kingdom—

To the kingdom of holiness.

Sitting on the earth with legs crossed,



He continued :

To act according to the Buddha doctrine,  
Will bring to happiness destitute sentients.  
Delight, then, in meditation on the great religion.

When he had thus spoken he was led toward a  
place of habitation.

Then all the Buddhas of the ten directions  
became visible in the heavens over against  
him.

Placing hands upon the head of the Prince, they  
endowed him with mystic power.

Then he spake these words in prayer :

O Buddhas of the ten directions, remember me.  
To blot out the misery of Men-de-zan-mo,  
And to accomplish the wish of Da-wa-zan-po,  
May both mine eyes be clear as aforetime.

Because he had thus spoken,  
In that same moment he was blessed with the  
two eyes of perfect, heavenly wisdom, more  
clear than before.

Again proceeding, they came to the so-called  
Place of Splendid Thought.

There, Mighty Tree Throne, King of the Sandy  
Border Country,

Because delighted to do him honour,  
Invited Ti-me-kun-dan, his wife and retinue.

Placing in prominence the Go-do-pung-chum  
(Which conquers the host of Wants and  
Wishes),

He gave back this amazing Jewel.

Then he said :

Long thou hast been in exile, O King,  
At Ha-shang the Mountain of Demons.  
In self-punishment for this.  
Beseeching expiation and forgiveness,  
I present to you also my kingdom, household,  
and servants,  
And pray that I, even I, may be drawn from the  
*kor-wa*,

When he had much circumambulated,  
The Prince indicated acceptance.  
So the erstwhile enemy of the father King became  
once again subject to his power.

By the wayside, when they had proceeded,  
Were the three Brahmans from the Country of  
Golden Sand.

Leading the three children, the two brothers and  
sister,

They said: We have found these of great use and  
profit.

Now in acknowledgment of the King's favour,  
We have come to return them to their parents.  
So they presented them to both father and  
mother.

But the Prince said :

Because I am unable to retake that which I have  
given,  
You three lead them away.  
Again now committed to you, impose the work  
you wish.

Prostrating herself, Men-de-zan-mo said :

Hearken to me, Great King.  
Three children begotten of my body,  
Held as servants for twelve years by these  
Brahmans,  
Are found by the wayside as rare lotus-blossoms.  
These three precious children,  
Of noble birth, and royal lineage,  
Have borne immeasurable pain in serving low  
people.  
Such cannot be thought of without tears.  
Now—could they not be gained by wealth ?

Thus weeping, she implored.  
The Prince thought to himself :  
What Zan-mo says is true.  
Reflecting thus compassionately, he said :

O pleasing and beautiful Men-de-zan-mo, listen  
to me.  
Weep no more.  
By wealth I can recover the children.

So he said :

Oho, you three Brahmans,  
Come down to my country.  
With wealth I'll secure these children.

When he had thus spoken the journey was  
continued.

From the frontiers of their country, feudatories,  
Ministers, household, subjects, came some twelve  
miles

To welcome and to make oblations.

The father King, Sa-kyong, Tra-pel, Earth  
guardian of glorious renown, came even seven  
miles with incense.

From the Lotus Palace of Bhe-té,

To the outskirts of the great City of Shining  
Lights

There appeared at the Welcome :

Canopies,

Royal insignia,<sup>1</sup>

Ensigns,

Fans for cooling,

Yak-tail fans for waving,

Tent dwellings,

Musical instruments,

Cymbals,

Oblation offerings,

<sup>1</sup> The royal insignia, according to Jäschke, are five :  
turban, parasol, sword, fly-flap, and coloured sandals.

Singing, and dancing,  
Guitars,  
Wind bells,  
Peals of bells,  
Fifes, flageolets,  
Great pole trumpets.

The strains of all this resounded in every street  
of the city.

Then arrived in the City of Shining Lights  
Both Prince and Princess  
(With the children, Brahmans, and attendants).  
Kun-zi—All-seeing—the feudatory prince of the  
city,  
Bowed low many times before Prince and  
Princess,  
And presented an inconceivable variety of  
oblations,  
Addressing them in these words :

Like as a sun which is lost from the view,  
Later to turn, and rise yet anew—  
Thou, Father, Mother, of all sentient creatures,  
Now rise from the setting in Mountain of  
Demons,  
To deliver—so to all is thy very great good-  
ness—  
Ourselves, retinue, subjects from pain of  
existence.  
Thou, Ti-me-kun-dan, in Fulfilment of Wish,

Didst give thine own life with thine organ of sight.

Since it was thus, then the great father King  
Thinks not of the Gem thou didst give to his foe.  
Mighty sage, Meru-like, Victor, Lord of men,  
Stainless, renowned, excellent, holy—thou,  
From thy sacred Sojourn of Happy Thought,  
Will rule according to religious precept.  
Myself, in changing life from this, may I  
Again and yet again be born in thy retinue.  
Such is the sequence and summit of my prayer.

So his address.

Again progressing,  
All the feudatory princes with their subjects  
came to welcome; bowed low and walked  
round right-wise.  
Kings with wealth each presented a coin of  
gold.  
Rab-zan—Excellent, and Don-dan—Expedient,  
and others gave a coin of silver,  
Others again, people of neighbouring countries,  
Gave much wealth of fine, unwrought gold.

Later in the City of Glorious Flowers the Prince,  
with his wife and children,  
Met the father King, and bowed low before him.  
Then the Prince, grasping the hand of his father,  
shed many tears.

The King said :

Since our meeting is of the nature of cause and  
effect,  
The shedding of tears is purposeless !

So the Prince and Men-de-zan-mo wiped their  
eyes.

When all were seated on cushions,  
The mother, Men-de-zan-mo, said to her three  
children :

Children, heart of mine, come to the bosom of  
Ma-ma.

But the children wished not to come.  
Then the father exclaimed :  
What is this ? Speak !

Le-dan replied thus :

Fruit which had grown on the Grant-wishing  
Tree

Was eaten by nagas when it fell in the sea.  
Though offspring of House noble and mighty,  
We were sent to a mountain distant and  
savage.

Whilst resting in valley, deserted, far-off  
We were given to Brahmans by immaculate  
father—

Myself, and Le-pal, and sister Le-dze, making  
three.

Given in alms, his children, the flesh of his flesh,  
To do each as servant the work of these Brahmans.  
We have eaten unclean food, and worn foul  
clothing.

And been humbled also by dirt and oppression.  
How, then, would we dare soil the breast of our  
mother ?

Because he had thus spoken,  
The three children had for washing perfumed  
water in a precious vase,  
And were given fresh clothes to put on.

Toward the price of Le-dan the three Brahmans  
received five hundred gold coins.

Toward the price of Le-pal they received five  
hundred silver coins,

And toward the price of the daughter Le-dze,  
three hundred elephants.

Securing provisions for their journey the three  
Brahmans then returned to their own  
country.

Prince Ti-me-kun-dan later to his father spake  
these words :

Dear father King, lord of men, hearken unto me,  
In bearing the punishment and condemnation,



Pronounced by King Sa-kyong Tra-pel,  
Fully in distant land have I borne privation.  
Near the Mountain of Fear, pernicious wild  
    beasts,  
Malignant goblins, and every sort of demon  
Served, midst the mass, to hold the way of  
    terror.  
For clothes we had leaves, for couch we had  
    grass;  
For food we had fruit; for drink we had  
    water;  
For companions, the birds and the game,—  
Privations because of the clinging to wealth.  
May none other suffer the pains we've endured,  
Since the happening of my father's Pung-chum  
    jewel.  
Yet—by the power of compact for deeds of  
    merit,  
May charity gain its transcendental finish,—  
Happy peace for all creatures—no, none ex-  
    cepted—  
But mainly for Father—the Glorious Earth-  
    guardian.  
And may all of his subjects, retinue, household,  
When the passions of darkness have all been  
    atoned,  
Meet again in the After. Such now is my prayer,  
Thus may my givings of self to the Highest  
Gain the blessing of Buddha as fruit of my  
    quest.

When he had thus spoken the father King answered :

In speaking thus thou speakest truth.  
By the sinful fault of ignorance  
Exile afar has been thy punishment,  
And never, for it, have I ceased to mourn.  
But fate it was brought me such councillors.  
When you arrived, still young, in distant land,  
You gave, so I did hear, your little ones,  
Horses, wagons, elephants, even your eyes.  
You gave your all in alms, retaining naught.  
Since thou hast done all this, how can I grieve  
That thou didst give my Pung-chum to an enemy ?  
In me is born, since I have heard thy deed,  
Immeasurable joy, and great belief.  
For all my sin of punishment and speech,  
I trust you will entire forgiveness grant,  
As I from now will expiation make.  
So all my treasure store—an ocean mine,  
I to thee present. Give away as thou wilt.

When he had thus spoken,  
The father led both his son and Men-de-zan-mo  
by the hand.  
The two sons and daughter were placed in a wagon.  
So they approached the gate of the palace.  
There they were welcomed with incense by Gel-  
dan-zan-mo, the queen mother, at the head  
of numerous consorts.

And the gods, with the lord Indra, divine ruler  
made to fall a rain of flowers,

Cymbals also resounded.

The Prince, his wife, sons and daughter,  
Prostrated themselves, with many tears, before  
Gel-dan-zan-mo.

Then the mother said to her son :

Thou, my son, immaculate,

Listen to me.

By the wind-like force of fate,

To both my son and his wife

Has happened great misery.

In mourning I've spent these years,

In torment beating my breast.

Without cease my tears have flowed,

Fires have raged within my heart.

But to-day,

These are quenched by holy waters,

So calm has come to give joy birth.

Hurt now is gone, Ti-mé, my son,

And mother-pain is blotted out.

Thus she spake.

Entering the palace, they sat round on  
cushions,

Whilst the father King addressed these words to  
his son :

Youthful Ti-me-kun-dan,  
Use my seven lustrous head jewels ;  
Above all that same supreme Pung-chum  
Which was given to mine enemy,  
But returned by force of thy merit.  
(So, then, virtuous one and lettered,<sup>1</sup>  
The Pung-chum still crowns the jewelled head.)  
For use also are many treasures,  
Of gold, silver, pearls, and finest silk ;  
With horses, elephants, buffalo,  
Offspring, feudatories, ministers,  
With myriads, too, of subject people ;  
All, without exception,  
Enjoy in splendour, much-belovèd youth.

After he had thus spoken,  
The Prince was emblazoned with the precious  
ornaments,  
And was then installed upon the royal throne.  
In his hand was held the golden wheel of thousand  
spokes,  
Whilst subjects, feudatories, ministers,  
Before him did their due obeisance.

Addressing him, the father King said :  
Heart belovèd Ti-me-kun-dan—thou  
Enjoy in happiness my fortune.

<sup>1</sup> It is suggested that this has reference to one habituated  
to repeating spells.

Into thy hand, too, are delivered  
Feudal prince and subject people.

Thus Ti-me-kun-dan was appointed Regent of  
his father ;

And within an area of forty-five miles were full,  
festive rejoicings.

After that Ti-me-kun-dan guarded the kingdom.  
And, by virtue of his merits, the spiritual law  
flourished more abundantly than before.

To him later Indra, the lord of the gods, made  
this pronouncement ;

By exile to the Mountain of Devils,  
For giving the Pung-chum to one beyond,  
Thou hast endured limitless suffering,  
Bearing the bitterness for all beings.  
Blessing further to spread, thou gav'st thy  
children.

Later, too, thou gav'st the precious power of  
sight,  
And gained thereby the Vision more incomparably  
bright.

Returning here to thine own land,  
Thou rulest the realm.

But since dominion is not quintessence,  
Therefore to all thou hast given in charity,  
Striving to gain the Highest Perfection.  
Mighty thou art to all the frontiers,  
The light that lighteth the face of the world,

Surpassing all in turning Doctrine's wheel,  
For none can rival thee in holiness.  
Passing from this life, thou wilt rise again  
Above the lovely Pota Mount.  
By re-birth there in son All-glorious,  
Thither, by turning Doctrine's wheel,  
Thou wilt draw all men unto thee—  
Supremely and wholly Buddha.

Thy father, Sa-kyong Tra-pel, Earth Guardian of  
Glorious Renown,  
When a million *kal-pa* have gone,  
At a time of scintillating brightness,  
In birth as being named Gan-chan,—Glacier,  
Will spread afar the rule of religion.

When Queen Gel-dan-zan-mo will have passed  
Into the holy land of salvation,  
Again will she be born a woman,  
A woman who will hold the mind of man.

Concerning so-called Men-de-zan-mo,—she,  
Later in the country of Cin-gha-la,  
Will be re-born and re-named King De-ché,—  
Make-peace.

Of thy two sons,—worthy princes,  
At re-birth in Southern India,  
The elder will be King Don-dan,—Expedient,  
The younger will be Prince Trim-sim,—Cloud-  
grasp.

Thy daughter, engaging Le-dze,  
In the country O-di-ya-na,  
Will bear a son the name of De-ché.

The worthy Minister Da-wa-zan-po  
Will become the son of Kun-ga-zan-po.

So Ti-me-kun-dan by his saintly deeds,  
By goodness, nobility, charity,  
Has brought felicity to wife, to parents,  
To children, ministers, and to people.

Then spread thy sway, thou Prince Miraculous,  
Thou, born of men, a child of Buddha,  
And thy lovely Lotus garden,  
Nurture with thy wisdom, skill.

Thus at length will Virtue's tree,  
When ripened to maturity,  
Bear many flower ecstasy.  
So, blossoms of surpassing loveliness,  
Expand !

Myself—

When I at length have changed this life of god,  
I beg you then accept my humble service,  
As odour ever clings to body,  
So may we always be united ! Such is my  
prayer !

As soon as he had thus spoken Indra became invisible.

Then Men-de-zan-mo said to the King :  
What was that lovely form which has just vanished ?

The King replied :

Without moving, Zan-mo, listen to me.  
In a garden of flowers,  
Comes there a time  
When mightiest blossoms  
Bend necks, and are broken,  
Diminish and vanish.

And in the autumn  
The dew on the grass,  
Like garb of hoar-frost,  
With rising of sun,  
Mounts up and is gone.

Thus, too, the rainbow,  
Spanning the heavens,  
Stays but a moment,  
Then fades and is gone.

So we, father, mother,  
Our children have met,  
Then like the flower,  
Great A-sha-da-ta,



Stay just a little,  
Then vanish and pass.

Even this action,  
A moment from now,  
It also is not.

In temporal life,  
Thus we assemble,  
Then in an instant  
Comes separation,  
And soul is distressed.

Yet—should lot be to stay  
Midst men in this world,  
Years thirty and hundred,  
My prayer is to work  
For the good of the race.

My kingdom and jewels  
Can be held by my sons.  
If held as by steward,  
Good by man will be gained,  
And my end be attained.

When he had thus spoken  
He transferred his dominions turn by turn to his  
two sons.  
Five hundred maidens became their queens.

Above them was the emanation of a sea-nymph,  
the daughter of King Da-wai-pal.  
And myriads took part in festive entertainments  
within an area of twelve miles.

Then King Ti-me-kun-dan  
And Queen Men-de-zan-mo,  
With the Minister Da-wa-zan-po,  
Also his son Dro-ché,—Make-friends,  
And the Minister Dran-sim,—Seize Blessing,  
Went for meditation to the great mountain of  
Cin-gha-la,  
Whilst the two sons guarded the kingdom as  
before.

When five years of human life had passed,  
King Ti-me-kun-dan and Men-de-zan-mo  
Were transformed into a red and yellow flower  
And were wafted by the movement of the wind  
into southern India.

In sadness the Ministers returned to their own  
country,  
And spake these words to the two sons :  
The King thy father, and thy mother,  
Having been transformed into red and yellow  
flower,  
And having been wafted by the wind into Southern  
India ;  
Now Buddha is.

Because of this pronouncement,  
The two sons rejoiced exceedingly ;  
And set forth the conquering Kan-gyur and Tan-  
gyur,  
With the Myriad and One Golden Precepts,  
Into a finished memorial of both father and  
mother.

To the end felicitous  
Has been told this Birth story and Biography  
Of the most religious Ti-me-kun-dan.

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